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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Miscellaneous Writings of John Evelyn, Esq. F. R. S. &c. Now first collected, with Occasional Notes. By William Upcott. 4to. pp. 849. London 1825.

INTENDED to be, and being, a proper companion to the Evelyn Diary and Correspondence, this volume presents us with a valuable collection of the remains of the distinguished author of the *Silva*. These consist of many tracts which throw great light on the times; some translations, and several pieces on the arts and sciences of the period, which must still be perused with interest. By winnowing the mass a number of "particular facts" may be elicited, which are well deserving of comment; and such may, hereafter, be a task which we shall impose upon ourselves: but at present we will only announce the publication, and from one portion of it make a few extracts of an entertaining kind, and illustrative of the manners of the age of Evelyn. The little burlesque production entitled *Mundus Muliebris: or, the Ladies Dressing-room unlock'd, and her Toilette spread*, may be known to a few of our readers; but we venture to presume that, though of the date of 1690, it will be quite as novel as a new book to the majority.

This *Jeu d'esprit* (originally in 30 pages quarto,) commences with the following preface:

"This paper was not to come abroad without a Preface, as well as Compend for instruction of our young masters, who, newly launch'd from the University (where he has lost a year or two), is not yet travell'd, or if happily he has made *le petit tour* (with the formal thing his governour), having never read Tully's Offices through since he came from school, sets up for a *beau*, and equip'd for the town at his return, comes to seek adventures in an ocean full of rocks and shelves, and wants a skilful pilot to steer him as much as any vessel that goes to the Indies; and often-times returns home leaky, and as poorly freighted as those who have been near shipwreck'd, or lost their voyage.

"It is for direction of such as are setting out towards this great and famous emporium (whether the design be for miss or marriage), what cargo he must provide; not as merchants do for America, glass-beads and baubles in exchange for gold and pearl, but gold and pearl, and all that's precious, for that which is of less value than knives and children rattles.

"You see, squires, what you are to prepare for as adventurers, or by way of barter, if you think to traffick here and to carry the fair one, especially if she be at her own disposal, or (being come some considerable time out of the country) has been initiated into the conversation of the town. The refined lady expects her servants and humble admirers should couch her in the forms and decencies of making love in fashion; in order to this, you must often treat her at the *play*, the *park*, and the *musek*; present her at the *raffle*; follow her to *Tunbridge* at the season of drinking of waters, though you have no need of them your self: you must improve all occasions of celebrating her shape, and how well the mode becomes her, though it be ne'er so fantastical

and ridiculous; that she sings like an angel, dances like a goddess, and that you are charmed with her wit and beauty: above all, you must be sure to find some fault or imperfection in all other ladies of the town, and to laugh at the fops like yourself. With this, a little practice will qualify you for the conversation and mystery of the *rueles*; and if the whole morning be spent between the glass and the comb, that your perruque fit well, and cravat strings be adjusted, as things of importance; with these and the like accomplishments you'll emerge a consummate *beau, Anglîcè a coxcomb*. But the dancing-master will still be necessary to preserve your good meene, and fit you for the winter-ball.

"Thus you see, young sparks, how the stile and method of wooing is quite changed, as well as the language, since the days of our fore-fathers (of unhappy memory, simple and plain men as they were), who courted and chose their wives for their modesty, frugality, keeping at home, good-housewifery, and other economical virtues then in reputation: and when the young damsels were taught all these in the country, and at their parents houses, the portion they brought was more in virtue than in money, and she was a richer match than one who could have brought a million, and nothing else to command her. The presents which were made when all was concluded were a ring, a necklace of pearls, and perhaps another fair jewel, the *bonaparaphernalia* of her prudent mother, whose nuptial kirtle, gown, and petticoat, lasted as many anniversaries as the happy couple w'd together, and were at last bequeath'd, with a purse of old gold, rose-nobles, spur-royals, and spankees, as an house-loom to her grand-daughter.

"They had cupboards of ancient useful plate, whole chests of camask for the table, and store of fine Holland sheets (white as the driven snow), and fragrant of rose and lavender, for the bed; and the sturdy oaken hedge-head, and furniture of the house, lasted one whole century; the shovell-board, and other long tables, both in hall and parlour, were as fixed as the freehold; nothing was moveable save joyst-stools, the black jacks, silver tankards, and bowls: and though many things fell out between the cup and the lip, when happy ale, March beer, metheglin, malmesey, and old sherry, got the ascendant amongst the blew-coats and badges, they sung *Old Symon* and *Cheviot-Chase*, and danc'd *Brave Arthur*, and were able to draw a bow that made the proud Monsieur tremble at the whizze of the grey-goose-feather. 'Twas then ancient hospitality was kept up in town and country, by which the tenants were enabled to pay their landlords at punctual day; the poor were relieved bountifully, and charity was as warm as the kitchen, where the fire was perpetual.

"In those happy days, Sure-foot, the grave and steady mare, carried the good knight, and his courteous lady behind him, to church and to visit the neighbourhood, without so many hell-carts, rattling coaches, and a crew of *laqueys*, which a grave livery servant or two supply'd, who rid before and made way for his worship.

"Things of use were natural, plain, and wholesome; nothing was superfluous, nothing

necessary wanting; and men of estate studied the publick good, and gave examples of true piety, loyalty, justice, sobriety, charity, and the good neighbourhood compos'd most differences; perjury, suborning witnesses, alimony, avowed adulteries, and misses (publickly own'd), were prodigies in those days, and laws were reason, not craft, when mens titles were secure, and they served their generation with honour, left their patrimonial estates improv'd to an hopeful heir, who, passing from the free-school to the college, and thence to the inns of court, acquainting himself with a competent tincture of the laws of his country, followed the example of his worthy ancestors, and if he travell'd abroad, it was not to count steeples, and bring home feather and ribbon, and the sins of other nations, but to gain such experience as render'd him useful to his prince and his country upon occasion, and confirm'd him in the love of both 'em above any other.

"The virgins and young ladies of that golden age *quesierunt lanam & linum*, put their hands to the spindle, nor disdain'd they the needle; were obsequious and helpful to their parents, instructed in the manegery of the family, and gave presages of making excellent wives. Nor then did they read so many romances, see so many plays and smutty farces; set up for visits, and have their days of audience, and idle pass-time: honest *gleek, ruff, and honours*, diverted the ladies at *Christmas*, and they knew not so much as the names of *ombré, comet, and basset*. Their retirements were devout and religious books, and their recreations in the distillatory, the knowledge of plants and their virtues, for the comfort of their poor neighbours and use of the family, which wholesome plain dyet and kitchen physic preserved in perfect health. In those days the scury, spleen, &c. were scarce heard of, till forreign drinks and mixtures were wantonly introduc'd. Nor were the young gentlewomen so universally afflicted with hysterical fits, nor, though extremely modest, at all melancholy, or less gay and in good humour: they could touch the lute and virginal, sing *like to the damask rose*, and their breath was as sweet as their voices: they dauc'd the *Canary*, *Spanish Parian*, and *Selenger Round*, upon sippets, with as much grace and loveliness as any *Isaæ, Monsieur*, or *Italian* of them all, can teach with his pop-call and apish postures.

"To shew you then how the world is alter'd among us, since forreign manners, the luxury (more than Asiatick, which was the final ruine of the greatest, wisest, and most noble monarchy upon earth) has universally obtained among us, corrupting ancient simplicity; and in what extravagant forms the young gallant we describ'd is to court the sex, and make his addresses (whether his expedition be for marriage or mistresse), it has been thought good by some charitable hands that have contributed to this catalogue, to present him with an enumeration of particulars, and computation of the charges of the adventurer, as follows."

"Thus it has always been:—the past times the best; the present times degenerate. But let us see from Evelyn's "Voyage to Maryland" in

what the extravagances he arraigns consisted. The poem opens thus :

"*Negotii sibi qui volet vim parere,  
Nam et mulierem, hac duo comparato.  
Nam uite magis res due plus negoli  
Habent, forte si occuperis exaurere.  
Neque usquam satis haec due res ornantur,  
Neque eis ultro ornandi satis solletas est.*"

PLAUT. PERNICULUS, ACT I. SCEN. 2.

"Whoever has a mind to abundance of trouble, Let him furnish himself with a ship and a woman ; For no two things will find you more employment, If once you begin to rig them out with all their streamers, Nor are they ever sufficiently adorned, Or satisfy'd, that you have done enough to set them forth,

"He that will needs to Marry-land Adorneth his bride most understand For 's bark and tackle to pre pare, Gainst wind and weather, wear and tare : Of point d'Espagne a rich corner, Two night-rails, and a scarf least With a great lace, a collar : One black gown of rich silk, which odd is Without one colour'd embroider'd boddice : Four petticoats for page to hold up, Four short ones nearer to the crimp : Three mantuas, nor can madam less Provision have for due undress ; Nor denly sultane, spagnolet, Nor fring to sweep the Mall forget : Of under bodice three neat pair Embroider'd, and of shoes as fair : Short under petticoats pure fine, Some of Japan stuff, some of Chine, With knee-high galoon bottomed ; And a white ruff about her neck, With a broad flanders lace below : Four pair of *bas de soy* shot through With silver, diamond buckles too, For earters, and as rich for shooe : Twice twelve day smocks of Holland fine With caubrie sleeves, rich point to joyn (For she despises Colombine) : Twelve more for night, all Flanders lac'd, Or else she 'll think her self disgrac'd ; The same night-gown must adorn, With two point waistcoats for the morn : Of pocket *monchoira* nose to drain, A dozen lac'd, a dozen plain : Three night-gowns of rich Indian stuff, Four cushion-clothes are scarce enough, Of point and Flanders, not forget Stippers embroider'd on velvet : A manante girdle, ruby buckle, A white brocade, rings for knuckle ; Fans painted and perfum'd three : Three muffs of sable, ermine, grey ; Nor reckon it amon the bubbies, A paletine also of sables. A saphire bodkin for the hair, Or sparkling facet diamond there : Three turquois, ruby, emerald rings For finger, and such pretty things, As diamond pendants for the ears, Must needs be had ; or two pearl pears, Pearl neck-lace, large and Oriental, And diamond, and of amber pale ; For oranges bears every bush, Nor values she cheap things a rush. Then bracelets for her wrists bespeak (Unless her heart-strung strings will break,) White diamond-roche for bracelet and — Till to her more there's no account. Besides these Jewels, you must get Cuff buckles, and an handsome set Of tags for paletine, a curious hasp The manteau 'bout her neck to clasp : Nor may she want a ruby locket ; Nor the fine sweet quilted pocket ; To play at *ombre*, or *basset* ; She a rich patril purse must get, With guineas fill'd, on cards to lay, With which she fancies most to play."

This is no cheap catalogue certainly ; but she must have rouleauxs of money, and, after all,

"This is not half that does belong To the fantastic female throng : In pin-up ruffles now she flaunts, About her sleeves are engageants ; Of ribbon various *echelles*, Gloves trimm'd, and lac'd as fine as Nell's. Twelve dozen *Martial*, whole and half, Of jupon, tuberos (don't laugh), Frangissus, orange, violitt, Narcissus, jasmin, ambret : And som' of chicken skin for night, To keep her hands plump, soft, and white : Mousches for pasties to be sure, From Paris the *tres-fine* procure, And Spanish paper, lip, and cheek, With spittle sweetly belick : Nor the laces in the next place, The pocket sprinkling looking glass ; *Catumbuc* combs in *poutif* case. To set and trim the hair and face : And that the cheeks may both agree.

*— See the *Life of Paul Jones*.*

And thus the list goes on through a hundred things more, the very names of which are now unknown to our most *stylish* and extravagant belles. The dressing-room is described equally in detail and splendour : we cite the concluding passage :

"*Postille di Bocca we  
In box of beaten gold we see,  
Laced wth diamonds, and tweese  
As rich and costly as all these,  
To which a bunch of onyxes  
And many a golden seal ther dangles,  
Mysterious cyphers and new fanglles.  
Gold is her toothpick, gold her watch is,  
And gold is every thing she touches :  
But, tir'd with numbers, I give o'er ;  
Arithmetick can add no more:  
Thus rig'd the vessel, and equipp'd,  
She is for adventures shipp'd,  
And portion, 'ere the year goes round,  
Does with her vanity confound.*"

At the close of the poem is an appendix called "The Fop-Dictionary ;" from which, to show its character, we select a few of the oddest items.

"*Branches.* Hanging candlesticks, like those used in churches.

"*Catumbuc.* A certain precious wood, of an agreeable scent, brought from the Indies.

"*Commode.* A frame of wire, covered with silk, on which the whole head-attire is adjusted at once upon a bust, or property of wood carved to the breasts, like that which peruke-makers, set upon their stalls.

"*Confidants.* Smaller curls near the eares.

"*Cornet.* The upper pinner, dangling about the cheeks like hounds' ears.

"*Creve-caur.* Heart-breakers, the two small curled locks at the nape of the neck.

"*Cruches.* Certain smaller curles, placed on the forehead.

"*Ferula.* An instrument of wood us'd for correction of lighter faults, more sensibly known to school-boys than to ladies.

"*Firmament.* Diamonds, or other precious stones heading the pins, which they stick in the tour and hair, like stars.

"*Loo Mask.* An half mask.

"*Mouchoire.* It were rude, vulgar, and unseemly to call it handkerchief.

"*Mouches.* Flies, or black patches, by the vulgar.

"*Meurtrieres.* Murderers ; a certain knot in the hair, which ties and unites the curls.

"*Pastillo di Bocca.* Perfum'd lozenges to improve the breath.

"*Plumpers.* Certain very thin, round, and light balls, to plump out and fill up the cavities of the cheeks, much us'd by old Court-Countesses.

"*Spanish Paper.* A beautiful red colour, which the ladies, &c. in Spain paint their faces withal.

"*Toilet.* Corruptly call'd the *twilight*, but originally signifying a little cloth.

"For, besides these, there are a world more ; as assassin, or *venes a moy*, a certain breast-knot, as much as to say, Come to me, Sir, &c."

Having thus enabled our readers to laugh at their fore-fathers and fore-mothers ; all the counsel we have to offer them by way of context, is, to take as much care as they can, that their grand-children have no cause to laugh more at them and their manners.

*The Life of Paul Jones.* From original Documents in the possession of J. H. Sherburne, Esq.

Register of the Navy of the United States. 8vo. pp. 320. London 1825. J. Murray.

The name of " Register," as applied to the person who keeps a record, is, we see, objected to by some of our brother critics ; but in this instance their acumen is misdirected, for not only the authority of all old law Latin, but of every good English dictionary in existence, quotes the

word to designate the individual who preserves the memorial, as clearly as to signify the document itself. The title page of Paul Jones, therefore, is free from this objection ; and we should have been well pleased if the whole work had been equally unobjectionable to censure. But, in sooth, the volume has disappointed us. We expected the account of an adventurous and extraordinary life ; full of vicissitudes,

"*Of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair breadth 'scapes.'*"

and all the wonders of so chequered a career as that of the famous Paul Jones. But instead of this, the biographer, in attempting to make a patriot and hero of a traitor and buccaneer, has converted him into a very common-place sort of personage—whose exploits excite little interest, and whose bombastic pretensions (as set forth by the writer) provoke only incredulity and laughter. So untrue is the concluding climax :

"Now that the fever of party-prejudice has subsided, England wishes not to withhold from him the tribute of her admiration. America, 'the country of his fond election,' must ever rank him not only among the firmest, but among the ablest, of her patriots."

Absurdly, what England has to admire him for does not appear in these pages ; though America, if it so please her, may rank him as high as she is apt to do her other heroes, in toasts at tavern dinners and in the gasconades of partisanship. For, in point of fact, Mr. John Paul, self-called Jones, (an alias not taken for nothing,) was a native born Scotchman, being the son of a decent gardener body who resided and cultivated lang kail and leeks at Arbigland, in the Stewartry of Kirkudbright, where his hopeful offspring was produced in the genial month of July, and the year 1747. The proximity of the Solway Firth inspired the errant boy with a passion for seafaring, and at the age of twelve he was bound apprentice to a Whitehaven trader. How he voyaged and how he fare for some dozen or fourteen years, is an epocha covered with clouds ; and we only gather that they were not very bright ones, since we find him in 1773 living very retired in America, having been unfortunate in his speculations, suffering from pecuniary difficulties, having assumed a new name more convenient than his old one, and adopted a new country in a state of moral and political disorder, better suited to his views than that in which he happened to be born. Thus divested of Mr. Sherburne's verbiage and gloss, we discover a pretty particular d—d considerable number of the characteristics of folly, imprudence, bankruptcy, swindling, and treason in the life of Paul Jones, from his thirteenth to his twenty-eighth year ; when, being so finely eligible, he offered his services to the American Congress, and was (A. D. 1775) honoured with the commission of Lieutenant in the Navy of the revolted Colonies. A brave and skilful seaman, he rose deservedly to the rank of Captain ; and was eminently distinguished for the able plans which he devised for harassing the coasts of his native country, some of which he afterwards carried boldly and successfully into execution ; plundering, burring, and destroying sundry places, and fighting two successful actions with British vessels in defence of his booty and—neck.

The first of these piratical enterprises was an attack upon Whitehaven, the town which had cherised his youth, and of the localities of which he had consequently a perfect knowledge. English readers will be astonished to learn that Whitehaven, thus gratefully selected by Captain John Paul (Jones) for ruin, conflagration, and murder, was "one of the most important harbours



in Great Britain, containing generally 400 sail, and some of very considerable size. The town itself contained near 60,000 inhabitants"—see Mr. Sherburne, page 28. It is melancholy to reflect how much it must have declined within the last fifty years! Here have we been flattering ourselves that the immense works of the adjacent wealthy House of Lowther, the public improvements, the augmented spirit of trade in this particular spot, and the general growing prosperity of the country, had been gradually advancing Whitehaven in commerce, riches, navigation, and population : but how have we been misinformed, when we know that instead of 400 vessels, its proudest estimate at the present era is under 200, and that the number of its inhabitants has been cruelly diminished from 60 to 16 thousand!!!\* Having, however, so magnificently swelled up the good town of Whitehaven, in order to exaggerate the talents and valour of his hero, the worthy Register tells us a story about his attacking it with two boats and thirty-one men. They reached the out-pier, it seems, just "*as day began to dawn*, (on the 23d of April) : in spite, however, of this circumstance, Jones determined not to abandon the enterprise, but, despatching one boat with Lieutenant Wallingford with the necessary combustibles to the north side of the harbour, he proceeded with the other party to the southern side. There was a dead silence when Jones, at the head of his party, scaled the walls. He succeeded in spiking all the cannon of the first fort ; and the sentinels, being shut up in the guard-house, were fairly surprised. Having succeeded thus far, Jones, with only one man, spiked up all the cannon on the southern fort, distant from the other a quarter of a mile.

"These daring exploits being all performed without disturbing a single being, Jones anxiously looked for the expected blaze on the north side of the harbour. His anxiety was further increased, as all the combustibles had been entrusted to the northern party, they, after performing their task, having to join him to fire the shipping on the south side. The anxiously expected blaze did not, however, appear ; Jones hastened to Lieutenant Wallingford, and found the whole party in confusion, their light having burnt out at the instant when it became necessary. By a sad fatality his own division were in the same plight, for, in hurrying to the southern party, their candles had also burnt out. *The day was breaking apace*, and the failure of the expedition seemed complete. Any other commander but Jones would, in this predicament, have thought himself fortunate in making his retreat good ; but Jones would not retreat. He had the boldness to send a man to a house detached from the town to ask for a light ; the request was successful, and fire was kindled in the steerage of a large ship, which was surrounded by at least one hundred and fifty others, chiefly from two to four hundred tons burthen. There was not time to fire any more than one place, and Jones's care was to prevent that one from being easily extinguished. After some search a barrel of tar was found, and poured into the flames, which now burnt up from all the hatchways. 'The inhabitants,' says Jones, in his letter to the American commissioners, 'began to appear in thousands, and individuals ran hastily towards us ; I stood between them and the ship on fire, with a pistol in my hand, and ordered them to retire, which they did with precipitation. The flames had already caught the rigging, and began to ascend the mainmast ; *the sun was a full hour's march above the horizon*, and as

\* According to the census of 1821, the population was 16,592. So much for Mr. Sherburne's very "original documents," and his *imagining* that "no doubt can possibly exist as to the authenticity of the materials upon which this volume is founded."—Preface, ix.

sleep no longer ruled the world, it was time to retire ; we re-embarked without opposition. After all my people had embarked, I stood upon the pier for a considerable time, yet no persons advanced ; I saw all the eminences around the town covered with the enraged inhabitants.

"When we had rowed to a considerable distance from the shore, the English began to run in vast numbers to their forts. Their disappointment may be easily imagined, when they found at least thirty cannon, the instruments of their vengeance, rendered useless. At length, however, they began to fire ; having, as I apprehend, either brought down ship-guns, or used one or two cannon which lay on the beach at the foot of the walls, dismounted, and which had not been spiked. They fired with no direction, and the shot falling short of the boats, instead of doing any damage, afforded us some diversion, which my people could not help shewing by firing their pistols, &c. in return of the salute. Had it been possible to have landed a few hours sooner, my success would have been complete, not a single ship out of more than 200 could possibly have escaped, and all the world would not have been able to have saved the town. What that was done, however, is sufficient to shew, that not all their boasted navy can protect their own coasts, and that the scenes of distress, which they have occasioned in America, may be soon brought home to their own door!"

"He adds, 'one of my people was missing ; and must, I fear, have fallen into the enemy's hands after our departure. I was pleased that in this business we neither killed nor wounded any person ; I brought off three prisoners as a sample.'

"The missing man need not have been regretted ; he was a traitor, and his exertions, not the breaking of the morn, nor the sudden blaze, saved the town. I find by a newspaper of the time, an extraordinary number of which was published the morning after the descent, that 'a little after three o'clock this morning, a man rapped at several doors in Marlborough Street, (adjoining one of the piers,) and informed them that fire had been set to one of the ships in the harbour ; that matches were laid in several others ; that the whole would be soon in a blaze, and the town also destroyed ; that he was one belonging to the crew, but had escaped for the purpose of saving, if possible, the town and shipping from destruction.'

"The descent at Whitehaven produced consternation all over the kingdom."

Upon this immortal achievement—(for every person and every thing in American annals is immortal, from the immortal Washington, Franklin, Paul Jones, to the immortal Rogers, Tom Paine, Jackson—from the immortal Lexington to the immortal New Orleans)—upon this immortal achievement it is hardly necessary to comment, yet it merits a few remarks as being the grand incident described in this rhodomontade memoir. It must have struck even a carelesseye, that the period required by the 23d day of April, to complete its dawning upon this important occasion, was miraculously long ; for though it began as the expedition reached the out-pier, it so protracted its operation, that the boats had full time to land on opposite sides of the harbour—one party to scale the walls and spike above thirty cannon in two forts, and then communicate with the other party ; (the "day" at this moment having got no further than "breaking apace") then the getting of a light, the setting fire to a ship, the procuring a barrel of tar and pouring it into the flames, and the thousands of inhabitants appearing, *all* within one short hour, must be deemed one of the most rapidly ex-

cuted series of manoeuvres, and movements, and deeds, that ever was accomplished, even in trans-Atlantic history. And the glorious figure of Captain Jones, pistol in hand, ordering his thousands of assailants to retire, which they so precipitately did ; his occupying the pier alone, the mighty Colossus of terror-stricken Whitehaven ; the diversion of his thirty equally heroic companions, returning the cannon shots with salutes of pistols, &c. (&c. must mean musquets, we suppose,) and the sample of prisoners, are groupings so superb, so genuine, that we could not for an instant doubt the country of the author to whose graphic powers we are indebted for them ; for though Parolles, Pistol, and Bobadil, were of European origin, it is wonderful how highly their breed has been improved by transportation to the vigorous and springy soil of the New World.

Passing by the consternation which these illustrious thirty Yankee-Argonauts spread "*all over*" the kingdom, we request a moment's attention to the missing man, who, says the Navy Register, (an authority equal to Vattel, Puffendorff, and Grotius combined,) "was a traitor :" it is curious to inquire what the difference really was which made him so vile a character, and his commander so prodigious a patriot. *The Traitor* (a Briton, doubtless, whose heart relented at the misery about to be inflicted on a sleeping and defenceless town, by a band of lawless ruffians) was a man who simply shrank from the last horrors of a murderous piratical depredation ; and the *hero* (whom "America, the country of his fond election, must ever rank among the firmest and ablest of her Patriots,") was a desperate vagabond, ruthlessly carrying fire and death amid the darkness of night, into the midst of an unoffending population of 60,000 men, women, and children, as his worthy encomist assures us, and that too on the very spot where he had played, a child, so few years before. Had his infernal plan succeeded, it was impossible but that many of his early friends and associates must have perished ! Such a true patriot and hero was the object of Mr. Register Sherburne's unbounded eulogy ! But his glory did not stop here ; for on the noon of the same day, the intrepid Captain landed on St. Mary's Isle, and, in the absence of its owner, robbed Lord Selkirk's house of the family plate !!! Being pursued, the pirate had the good fortune to beat the inferior sized vessel, the Drake ; and Mr. Sherburne asserts that the "public mind was perfectly thunderstruck" by the terror of these unparalleled actions. Paul Jones, however, corsair as he was, did not feel so peculiarly gratified with his triumphs as his biographer appears to be. On getting to Brest, he put his lieutenant and r' arrest for disobedience, and wrote one of the most absurd, bombastic letters to Lady Selkirk, about the stolen spoons and forks, that ever was lauded by mortal man for style and magnanimity.

"Madam," quoth the hero of St. Mary's Isle,—"It cannot be too much lamented, that, in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feelings and real sensibility should be under the necessity of *winking* at any action of persons under his command, which his heart cannot approve ; but the reflection is doubly severe, when he finds himself obliged, in appearance, to countenance such acts by his authority.

"This hard case was mine, when, on the 23d of April last, I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with the king, and esteeming as I do his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war."

[After talking as finely about restoring the plate, if he could—he adds, in the superb Cambyes vein,] "Had the Earl been on board the Ranger the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement; both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection for the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back from such scenes of horror, and cannot sufficiently execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war—

"For they, 'twas they, unsheathed the ruthless blade,  
And heaven shall ask the havoc it has made."

And he says farther, as if to put himself out of the pale of an American citizen and commissioned officer, in which ranks his posthumous friend is so anxious to establish him,

"Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife nor family, and having lived long enough to know that riches cannot ensure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinctions of climate or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war began, I had at the early time of life withdrawn from the sea service, in favour of 'calm contemplation and poetic ease.' I have sacrificed not only my favourite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the heart and my prospects of domestic happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace and good-will among mankind. - - -

"As the feelings of your gentle bosom can not but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, madam," &c. &c.

"I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but should it continue, I wage no war with the fair. I acknowledge their force, and bend before it with submission. Let not, therefore, the amiable Countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy; I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do any thing, consistent with my duty, to merit it.

"The honour of a line from your hand, in answer to this, will lay me under a singular obligation; and if I can render you any acceptable service in France or elsewhere, I hope you see into my character so far as to command me without the least grain of reserve!"

Amiable and romantic rogue! He persuaded himself to be in love with the Countess of Selkirk, whom he had never seen; and to be as sentimental upon the lady and the plate, as one ever read in miserable novel or Beggar's opera. What with one thing, what with another, "the conqueror of the Drake, the terror of the coast of England, found himself, on his arrival at Brest, in a condition not very enviable."

Nevertheless, La Fayette and Franklin did what they could for their brother patriot, though they could not get his bills honoured by the American government, or any favour but resolutions of praise as empty as his own details of matchless victories. Left to intrigue and adventure in France, Jones ultimately succeeded in obtaining a doubtful command of several vessels; and in a cruise overpowered the Serapis frigate after a gallant and bloody contest. This, as usual, engaged him in disputes and broils with his fellow officers; and Mr. Sherburne speaks of the humbug which ensued, as "concentrating the attention of all Europe!" At the end, the wondrous object of it had an opportunity of expounding his relationship quoad his third country France, as he had done before with regard to his second country America.

"To come to the point (he writes,) here follows my political profession. I am a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of country or of climate, which diminish or set bounds to the benevolence of the heart. Impelled by principles of gratitude or philanthropy, I drew my sword at the beginning of the American revolution; and when France so nobly espoused that great cause, no individual felt the obligation with truer gratitude than myself. When the court of France soon after invited me to remain for a time in Europe, I considered myself as highly honoured by the application that was made to the American commissioners. Since that time I have been at every instant, and I still am, ready to do my utmost, for the good of the common cause of France and America. - - -

"I greatly love and esteem his most Christian Majesty, as the great ally of America, the best of kings, and the amiable friend and protector of the rights of human nature; therefore he has very few of his own subjects who would bleed in his present cause with greater freedom than myself, and none who are more disinterested."

No professions would do, however, as a gallant Captain only got to Paris in 1780, as a Lion of that time; and our author remarks,

"Jones seems to have been delighted by the gorgeous dissipation of the French metropolis. He was, in truth, a republican merely by accident, and should have lived in a land of countesses and crosses. All his former ideas of neglect and disownment vanished before the pomp of a levee and the praise of a king; and before he had half exhausted the splendid fêtes which rapidly succeeded each other in honour of his victory and his escape, he found himself in the singular situation of being in love with every woman in Paris."

It may be conjectured, that in this mood and situation he had quite enough of business upon his hands; and from a few of the details given, it appears that some of the demireps and wantons of the gay Capital, amused themselves preciously at the expense of the simple sea-monster. Tired at length with being coquetted to death, with fruitless amours, and with being laughed at, our Citizen of the World espoused, for his fourth country, the ruder clime of Russia, and entered into pay to fight the Turks. Again he battled and squabbled as before; was dismissed by the Russians, and died in Paris, in the year 1792, at the early age of forty-five—a bit of a revolutionist, it is true, but spared from witnessing those aggravated horrors of the Revolution, which even his heart, hardened as it must have been by bloodshed, could not have known without pangs of sorrow and remorse. "The National Convention went into mourning on account of his death, and a deputation of its members followed his body to its grave."

"Paul Jones (continues Mr. S.) was short in stature and slenderly made. He was authoritative in his manner, 'with a very determined air.'

"That by law he was a pirate and a rebel, I shall not deny; since by the same law Washington would have been drawn and quartered, and Franklin had already been denounced as 'a hoary headed traitor.' But we have seen, that nothing can be more erroneous than the prevalent history of his character and fortunes. As to his moral conduct, it would seem that few characters have been more subject to scrutiny and less to condemnation. His very faults were the consequences of feelings which possess our admiration, and his weaknesses were allied to a kindly nature. He was courageous, generous, and humane; and he appears to have been the only one in this age of revolutions, whose profession of philanthropy was not disgraced by his prac-

tice. As to his mental capacity, it cannot be denied that he was a most ardent and extraordinary genius. Born in the lowest rank of life, and deprived by his mode of existence from even the common education which every Scotchman inherits, Paul Jones was an enthusiastic student, and succeeded in forming a style which cannot be sufficiently admired for its pure and strenuous eloquence. His plans, also, were not the crude conceptions of a vigorous but untutored intellect, but the matured systems which could only have been generated by calm observation and patient study. His plan for attacking the coast of England was most successful in execution, though conceived on the banks of the Delaware; and we cannot but perceive a schooled and philosophic intellect in his hints for the formation of the navy of a new nation. Accident had made him a republican, but the cold spirit of republicanism had not tainted his chivalric soul, and his political principles were not the offspring of the specious theories of a dangerous age."

Though we dissent entirely, and have stated our reasons for dissenting from this panegyric, we yet insert it in justice to the memory of a dead buccaneer and Citizen of the World—i.e. of whatever part of the world suited him best. It does contain sundry queer reflections for a Republican Register—but he and his work are now sufficiently before our readers, and to them we leave both book and writer.

*Phantasmagoria, or Sketches of Life and Literature.* 12mo. 2 vols. London. Hurst, Robinson, & Co. Edinburgh. Constable & Co. Most of these Sketches are, we doubt not, pleasantly remembered by many of our readers; having appeared in various periodicals. The prose is generally humorous, though sometimes pathetic: we must confess we think the author's forte lies in the former. The poetry is graceful, but, in our opinion, rather stamped by the good taste and successful imitation of a cultivated mind, than by the original inspiration of genius. The following sketch is one among the many proofs of our fair author's powers of entertainment.

*A Rural Excursion communicated by a Young Bachelor.* — "What then were my feelings, when beguiled by fair weather and by fairer promises, I consented to become *le cavalier seul* in a Rural Excursion set on foot by young ladies, and for which—shade of Sancho Panza!—the caterers were old maids!

"It is unnecessary to inform the enlightened reader that these arrangements took place—'quite in the country'; there, only, would they have been tolerated; there, only, would six ladies have set forth contentedly with a single beau; and there, only, would he, poor unfortunate! have undertaken to escort six ladies. No sooner had they cajoled me into acquiescence, than my mind misgave me as to the main point, the eligibility of our purveyors; but when the eventful morning actually arrived, and I saw the party and the provision basket in juxtaposition, utter dismay took possession of my spirit. Six mouths in addition to my own, and that of a great lubberly gormandising lad, one of those interesting beings called 'fine children'—whom his mother had smuggled into the party on the plea of his 'being useful!' I knew better; my prophetic eye perceived, that his only 'use' would be to make our 'little less.' To mend matters, the ladies, as usual on such occasions, could eat 'no breakfast'—but one and all declared, what excellent appetites they should have for the 'cold collation.' Unfortunately the more clearly I perceived that starvation awaited me, the more impossible it was I saw to escape. There was not time to get up a tooth-ache, or

head-ache kind, and have recovered common friend court of urgent embarked fast bound patient suit village shal land-car deep, and with a head ap pinafore; and a horse their slow elegant car cart and stars, (the provision time. Car with one group, but tered! no beauty fragrance. All was than my went the —behind the matre the time the birch hoyden b on a The see three supposed burying-tower, three com miles to very wo 'the 'had 'views' the candle not have my comp every their on me attend bidding it was co Chinese observe 'admiral exclamatio belles, yesterda live them and like roided p 'My head Thinkin My head The read stances) of n on the d to circu lectual 'was in listen to who are durabl \* My ha My ha A fol My ha

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head-ache, or indeed an available ache of any kind, and I was too well watched to be able to have recourse to any of the thousand manoeuvres common in such a case of distress; —no convenient friend could arrive from a distance; —no summons of urgent business could be received; —I was embarked for better or worse; —the ‘fates had fast bound me’ —with six ladies ‘round me,’ and patient submission was my only alternative. The village shandy, a vehicle that might have been a land-carriage when Noah’s ark was a water one, deep, and high, and wide, and poking forwards; with a head that arched over you like a dungeon, and an apron that came under your chin like a pinace; and shafts made to reach Land’s End; and a horse just fresh from plough, ‘dragged their slow length’ to the front door. Into this elegant carriage, the connecting link between a cart and a washing tub, the three presiding spinsters, (the Parcae of the party,) myself, and the provision basket, were wedged without loss of time. Carefully indeed did I plant this last, and with one exception, most interesting part of the group, but care was needless; —no bottles chattered! no gravy threatened to ‘mar the white beauty’ of the damask coverings! no culinary fragrance exhaled through the wicker work! All was dry, and silent, and light, far lighter than my heart. ‘Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,’ and we jolted on our way; —behind us trotted a donkey-cart, conveying the matron of our party and her son, whom for the time being I wished with Sancho amongst the birch trees; and after them followed our two hoyden belles, one on a skittish colt, the other on a one-eyed pony, and closed the procession.

“ The object of our ‘Rural Excursion’ was to see three mounds of a remarkably odd shape, supposed to have been used by the Romans as burying-places; —to clamber up into a ruined tower, from which it was believed we could see three counties; —and as a finish, to walk two miles to a cascade and a labyrinth, said to be very wonderful! Now admitting that, under the ‘happiest attitude’ of circumstances, these ‘views’ were worth seeing, were they (I ask the candid reader) worth starving for? —I should not have been half so much mortified, had not my companions been obstinately enchanted with every thing that crossed their path; and as I was their only gentleman, conceived it a duty to pay me attention. My neck had no peace—at the bidding of some one or other of my fair plagues, it was continually turning from side to side like a Chinese shaking figure! —Dear Mr. — just observe the tints on that tree! —cried one; and ‘do admire that little cloud just behind you,’ —exclaimed another; and ‘Oh Mr. —’ said the belles, panting like their ponies! —‘ do look at yonder love of a cottage; shouldn’t you like to live there?’ —Of course I looked, and admired, and liked, as they bade me, but I could have pained poor Burns’ lines\* and told them—

“ My heart’s in the kitchen, my heart is not here,  
My heart’s in the kitchen, though following the deer.  
Thinking on the roast meat, and musing on the fry,  
My heart’s in the kitchen whatever I spy.”

The reader will not surely (under these circumstances) expect me to describe any of the beauties of nature which passed under my observation on the day in question. It is true I was obliged to circumnavigate the hills, and join in the intellectual ‘wonder’ of the young ladies, as to what was ‘inside them’; —to climb the ruin and there listen to those moral reflections put forth by all who are ‘past their prime;’ but these were endurable evils, inasmuch as I was free to hear or

not, as I chose. The two miles’ walk to the cascade and the labyrinth, I was determined to set aside; and accordingly conjured up such visions of spoiled pelisses, scratched arms, and approaching thunder storms, that I eventually carried my point, and we descended the ruined tower—to dine!

“ What hidest thou in thy treasure caves and cells,  
Thou hollow sounding and mysterious main?”

said I to myself whilst unpinning the damask napkins and writing paper, in which, like Egyptian mummies, the viands were enveloped. ‘Bartish, beseech you, reader, all visions of good cheer—let not the civic pasty, the baronial ham, the regal surloin, haunt your fancy, for neither lot nor part had they in our ‘table of contents. Instead of these ‘nobler substances,’ I drew forth the demure, delicate chicken, peering through wreaths of parsley, like beauty through a green veil; —wee wee patés, calculated to increase rather than diminish hunger: —the transparent jelly—the tantalizing custard—shrimps, sandwiches, and ‘little cakes’—whereof a legion fill not a square inch of appetite, with many similar nonentities, and mathematical points of food! ‘Slowly and sadly I laid them down,’ and when spread upon the grass in dinner array, they were indeed calculated to strike terror into the heart of a hungry man like myself.

“ Not so our spinster hostesses. They had guaged our stomachs by their own, and utterly unconscious of the scantiness of their stores, pressed us with hospitable importunity ‘to help ourselves,’ —to feel perfectly at home,’ —to stand upon no ceremony,—delightful invitations when addressed to one at a well furnished board, but in the present case absolute insults.—Heaven help le cavalier seul! said I to myself, as with smiles that ill concealed my sorrow, I performed my office of carver to the chicken, and distributor of shrimps and sandwiches, secretly grumbling at that custom of civilized life, which ordains that ladies shall be helped first. So would you, polite reader, had you seen as I did, a propable chance of having to make a Nebuchadnezzar’s meal on the parsley garnish. I could have borne this patiently, had not my self-denial chiefly benefited the young cub, whose presence I had from the first deplored—but was it not too much for human nature, to see the little wretch wedged in by his mother’s side, stuffing, whilst I sat opposite starving! and she, unnatural creature! if his great ugly mouth did for one instant cease opening and shutting, wrenching him with maternal importunities to recommence his atrocities! ‘My dear Charles, now you know you ate no breakfast this morning, do, love, take this leg of chicken, it is not much.’

“ In two seconds it was ‘with the chicken legs before the flood,’ —and the lady mother resumed. ‘That was such a little bit, you must have some sandwiches, my dear, just those three that are left.’

“ The sandwiches disappeared with the speed of thought.

“ ‘Wont you take a few of those little cakes, love?’ said one of the spinsters who began to entertain a well grounded fear of famine; —they are quite common, your mamma need not fear their hurting you; or one of these nice hard crackers to nibble at.’

“ Neither Charles nor his mamma were to be put off with common cakes and hard crackers. ‘Why, I believe,’ said the judicious matron, ‘the poor thing longs for that paté,—Mr. — may I trouble you to give it him?’

“ I had fixed my own mind on this identical paté, nevertheless, with a hearty wish that it might choke the ‘poor thing,’ I surrendered it.

“ ‘But I don’t like it, though,’ said the young

barbarian, laying it down after he had bitten a large piece from the side.

“ If words were but whips, and wishes blows, your bones should ache for a month, thought I.

“ ‘Don’t eat it, then, darling, said his mother soothingly; ‘take something else, this jelly, love, you don’t know how good it is, now try, just to oblige me.’

“ ‘I can’t eat, mother, I’m so dry,’ said the interesting creature.

“ ‘Here is some nice fresh water,’ said the spinster aforesaid, quite the most sensible of the sisterhood:—‘Thank you,’ replied mamma, ‘but my poor Charles is so delicate, and after all these good things—Mr. — I’ll thank you for just one glass of wine for him;’ and the delicate little monster swallowed the last drop of our one bottle of cowslip wine.

“ Now to prove that I am not censorious, I will make the amende honourable, and confess, that the moment all the eatables had vanished, every one, not excepting the matron, began to fear I had ‘taken care of every one but myself,’ —that I had made a poor dinner,—that ‘they did not recollect having seen me eat any thing,’ &c. &c. Then followed histories of wine left behind by mistake; and good things destroyed by the cat; of a tongue that would not go into the basket; and a pigeon-pie spoiled in the baking:—but if the mind can exist upon remembrance, the body cannot; nor is anticipation a whit more solid food; for despite the ‘comfortable cup of tea’ promised me on our return, I remained as hungry as ever.

“ Of the rest of the day I retain but a dim recollection. I was sad, spiritless, and ill-tempered; so blind to the beauties of nature, that I would have given the whole range of the blue sky for a beef steak; and equally insensible to the charms of poetry in praise of a rural life. Was it indeed likely, that a dinnerless creature like myself, should comprehend the beauty of that sentiment?

\* Man wants but little here below,

- Nor wants that little long:—

or, acknowledge that the necessities of life consist in—

\* A script with herbs and fruits supplied,  
And water from the spring:—

No—the only time for writing or speaking in

praise of abstemiousness, is immediately after an

excellent dinner!

“ It is time, however, to close this dolorous history. We returned home in safety; and once arrived within sight of that loveliest ‘view,’ the smoke of my own kitchen chimney, I resigned the reins to my companions,—excused myself from any further experience of their hospitality, —sprang from the shandy,—and never rested, until my hunger and my ire were alike satisfied; —the former, by a good though too late dinner; —the latter, by committing to paper these ‘simple annals’ of a day’s sufferings in search of the picturesque.”

Altogether we close these pages with a most favourable impression of the writer’s talents; and shall be glad of further acquaintance with her phantoms. She is, we learn, a Miss Jewsbury, of Manchester; and we must have appreciated her merit, as we admited one or more of her productions, under an anonymous signature, into the Literary Gazette.

*The Works of Matthew Baillie, M. D. To which is prefixed an Account of his Life, collected from authentic Sources. By James Wardrop, Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London 1825. Longman & Co.*  
We so rarely notice medical works at length, that the reader of this Gazette may be startled at the title of the one which heads this article, and may

\* My heart’s in the highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart’s in the highlands a following the deer,  
A following the wild deer and chasing the roe,  
My heart’s in the highlands wherever I go.’

demand what it has to do with *Literature* or the *Belles Lettres*? But, besides possessing both literary and interesting features, it comes fairly within our department under the pale of *Sciences*, and therefore may be reviewed here with propriety. We shall at once, however, calm the alarm of any of our more timid and delicate friends, by stating that it is not our design to say one word respecting the healing art.

In the first volume of the above work, is contained an account of the Life of Dr. Baillie, the late deservedly famous physician of this metropolis, and from it we mean to make a few selections, which may be equally amusing and instructive to every class of readers.

Dr. Baillie has been peculiarly lucky in having an editor who is familiar with the subjects of his works, and who has taken pains to draw up a succinct, comprehensive, and elegant account of the chief events of his Life, "the principal materials of which were obtained from authentic sources, and more especially from a member of his own family;"—we believe, the well-known Miss Joanna Baillie.\* The good sense and feeling of Mr. Wardrop in the following quotation, will be evident to every reader.

"It is not less instructive than it is pleasing, to contemplate the life and character of men who have performed the duties of their station with honour and ability. Their example has a powerful influence on the human mind; and biography becomes of great importance to mankind, when it can hold up for imitation the conduct of those individuals who have been distinguished as much for their moral worth as their intellectual acquirements. Indeed, in no department of civilized life can the moral character be more justly appreciated, than in the medical profession. In the exercise of his duties, so much depends on the honour and integrity of the physician, that, when possessed of those great endowments, he is deservedly entitled to public gratitude and respect; while, at the same time, his character cannot be too highly estimated by his professional brethren."

After these preliminary remarks, we shall come at once to the object of this paper.

"Matthew Baillie was a native of Scotland; he was born on the 27th of October, 1761, at the manse of Shots, in the county of Lanark. His father, the Rev. James Baillie, was soon after removed from Shots to the church of Bothwell, then to that of Hamilton; and subsequently was elected Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow.

"Having passed through the usual course of education at the grammar school of Hamilton, where he acquired a reputation both for industry and talent, young Baillie became a student of the University of Glasgow. He there attended the Greek and Latin classes during the first two seasons; in the third season he became a diligent mathematician, and attended the Logic class, and that of Moral Philosophy, then taught by the celebrated Dr. Reid.

"Dr. Baillie's mother, Miss Dorothea Hunter, was the sister of William and John Hunter, the celebrated anatomists. From the peculiar advantages held out to him by his uncle, William

\* Mr. Wardrop seems sensible of the defect of Dr. Baillie's style, and alludes to it in his preface, in very graphic terms. "The Doctor is a writer, that is, almost every page of his writings contains grammatical errors, and great defect in composition." This is the more surprising when we recall to mind that the author was educated in the University of Oxford. The Editor, on the other hand, has been successful enough in the composition of Dr. Baillie's Life. The style is neat, and, although we remark two or three *Scotticisms*, yet it is quite a contrast in respect to that of the work to which he has become foster-father. The value of Dr. Baillie's works has been long duly appreciated by the world; so what they want in accuracy and elegance of style, they compensate for by really useful matter.

Hunter, he was induced, though at first rather contrary to his inclination, to choose medicine for his profession; at that time the pulpit or the bar would have pleased him better. It was William Hunter's wish that he should receive his medical education under his own immediate direction, but in order that he might obtain an English degree in medicine, his nephew's limited means made it necessary for him to procure an Oxford 'exhibition,' which the Professors of the college of Glasgow have in their power to bestow on deserving merit. Whilst this plan was in contemplation, he had the misfortune to lose his father, and as the family was then left in narrow circumstances, the necessity to secure the exhibition became in consequence particularly urgent. It was, however, at last obtained."

We pass over the details of his coming to London in the 13th year of his age, to his uncle Dr. William Hunter, and of his University progress at Oxford. Suffice it to quote:

"No man laboured more early in life than Dr. Baillie in order to acquire what may be said to have been the ground-work of his professional fame; and his mind thus received that general tuition which fitted it in an especial manner successfully to prosecute the study of medicine. Men sow the seeds of their future reputation, perhaps, at a much earlier period than is usually supposed, and the latter years of life are occupied merely in digesting and arranging what was in early years impressed. It is, therefore, an erroneous doctrine to inculcate to the student of medicine, that he should trust to experience for the acquirement of useful knowledge. Experience is too apt to be confounded with observation, and in contemplating the life of Dr. Baillie, it is evident that all he did for medical science, was accomplished before he had reached his fortieth year, and before he could have had that experience which is generally supposed necessary to lead to eminence."

"In two years from the commencement of his studies Baillie became a teacher in the Anatomical Theatre. But he had not been thus employed more than twelve months when William Hunter died, bequeathing to him the use of that museum which is now deposited in the university of Glasgow, and forms so noble a monument of its founder; and it may be remarked as a most extraordinary circumstance, that two brothers at the same time, and in the same place, should have collected the two most splendid and most extensive museums now existing; and any person inspecting them can hardly conceive how either of two such vast collections could have been the work of a single individual. Besides the use of the museum, William Hunter left his nephew his Anatomical Theatre and house in Windmill Street, and also a small family estate in Scotland, which he had re-purchased, but which Baillie in the most handsome manner immediately gave up to his uncle John, considering him as his brother's natural heir. William Hunter also left his nephew about one hundred pounds a year, the remainder of his fortune being entirely devoted to upholding the museum, to erecting an adequate building for its reception at Glasgow, and to an annuity to two surviving sisters. I have heard it said, that, in conversation a short time previous to his death, his uncle told him 'that it was his intention to leave him but little money, as he had derived too much pleasure from making his own fortune to deprive him of doing the same.'

We shall be the less sparing of our quotations, because from the history of Dr. Baillie's life, every man may derive important lessons. "Two years after William Hunter's death,

Baillie, associated with Mr. Cruickshank, gave his first course of Anatomical Lectures; thus undertaking, in the 22d year of his age, the arduous task of supplying the place of one of the most distinguished teachers. But such was his success that the number of students of that school was not diminished by the loss of its illustrious founder.

"As a lecturer, he soon attained considerable eminence, being remarkable for the simplicity and perspicuity of his demonstrations, the order and method of his style, and the clearness and distinctness of his delivery.

"In the year 1787, Dr. Baillie was appointed physician to St. George's Hospital, and two years afterwards, being then 29 years of age, he received his degree at Oxford, and became a fellow of the College of Physicians of London."

After allusions to the zeal with which Dr. Baillie prosecuted the study of morbid anatomy; to the publication of his invaluable works on this subject; to his immense practice; to his eminent qualifications as a physician, &c. &c. we are informed, that

"Dr. Baillie's physical frame was feeble, compared with his mental powers. He was under the middle stature, and of rather a slender form. But his unassuming exterior seemed only to enable him to make a deeper impression on those around when he entered into conversation. His countenance was marked by a great deal of sagacity and penetration, and when he was excited into earnest conversation, his features became illuminated, and had much vivacity and intelligence.

"His personal habits were simple, and calculated to give little trouble; and it was as easy to please him in those matters that regarded his table, as his toilet. He seemed to have a particular dislike to the affectation and peculiarities of dress displayed by some medical men, as derogatory to the respectability of their profession.

"He was in the habit for the many years he was so much employed, of devoting not less than sixteen hours of each day to the drudgery of his profession; he usually rose at six o'clock in the morning, and occupied himself till half-past eight in answering letters, writing consultations received the day before, and arranging the visits for the day. Until half-past ten o'clock, he saw patients at his own house, after which hour he paid visits till six o'clock. He generally allowed only two hours of relaxation for dinner, spending the remainder of the evening, and often till a late hour at night in again paying visits. After such a day's labour, it could hardly be expected that his sleep was sound and refreshing.

"There is no state so distressing as that of being called upon to perform more duties than the mind is competent to undertake. Hence arise irritability and change of the natural character. When he became harassed with business, an irritation of temper sometimes disturbed him, but which, from the kindness of his heart, was immediately followed by such compunction, as occasioned him far more trouble, than if he had at once complied with an intrusive request. Often has he been known under such circumstances thus to express himself: 'I have spoken roughly to that poor man, I must go and see him, be it ever so late.' 'That patient is in better health than I am in myself, but I have been too hard with him, and must make him amends.' 'I have been impatient with that poor hypochondriac.' Thus the irritable temper and the kind heart were at constant variance with one another, to the injury of his tranquillity, and the increase of his bodily fatigue. He has frequently come to his own table after a day of hurry and

annoyance, and held up his hands to his family circle ready to welcome him home, saying, 'Do't speak to me,' and then by and by, after having drank a glass of wine, he would look round with a smile of affection, saying, ' You may speak to me now,' and never was he more agreeable than when one of these dark shadows had passed over him. After he had limited his practice to consultations, he one day said with much satisfaction, ' I am glad to find that I can now give any body that speaks to me a civil answer.'

Mr. Wardrop speaks of Dr. Baillie's generosity and his charity, and among other instances relates the following honourable case:

"A lady, whose rank in life was far above his pecuniary resources, had an illness, when his attendance became important, and during which he regularly took his usual fee, until it was no longer necessary; he then left in a bag the whole amount of what he had received, offering to the lady as an apology, that he knew that had he once refused to take his fee during his attendance, she would not have permitted him to continue it."

After a long time of activity, "Dr. Baillie's health had for some years materially suffered from the fatigue of business, and it may justly be said, he fell a victim to the constant excitement of professional avocations. His physical frame, far from being originally robust, began gradually to fall into a state of exhaustion past relief from repose; and this continuing without intermission, wore out his body more than the tranquillity and annual retirement of a few months in the country were sufficient to restore. A manifest change at last took place in his appearance: already much wasted, he now became emaciated and feeble; and though the faculties of his mind remained perfect, there were times when even these were deprived of their wonted vigour."

These changes proved the forerunner of his dissolution, and he died on the 23d of Sept. 1823. The Biography thus concludes:

"Dr. Baillie was married in the twenty-ninth year of his age, to Sophia, second daughter of the late celebrated Dr. Denman. From this marriage are two surviving children, Elizabeth Margaret, married to Robert Milligan, Esquire, and William Hunter Baillie. The extent of talent united in his family and their connexions was remarkable. He was not only the son of an able Professor, and nephew of the Hunters, but his sister, Miss Joanna Baillie, has attained the most elevated rank in literature. Mrs. Baillie's sister was married to the late Sir Richard Croft, a man whose name is endeared in the recollection of many, as well for his manly and upright heart as for his professional celebrity,—and Mr. Denman who has distinguished himself so much at the bar, was Dr. Baillie's brother-in-law.

"Of Dr. Baillie's character in domestic life, it becomes me to say little. A mind so well regulated, and a heart so full of tenderness and benevolence to his suffering fellow-creatures, could not fail to inspire joy and affection in the bosom of the family. The pleasure which the constant opportunities his profession afforded him of doing good, the lustre of his career, together with all the blessings of domestic happiness, shed a pleasing glow over his hours of recreation, and diffused every where around him a contented cheerfulness."

In conclusion, we may mention, that "*The Works of Baillie, by Wardrop*," consist of a collection of papers, some of which have appeared in separate publications, others in the transactions of societies, and a few which were found among his MSS. after his decease; and of the *Morbid Anatomy*, which had gone through five previous editions. The editor has added a number of

remarks in the *Morbid Anatomy*; has given the Life of Baillie alluded to; and has added, "*Preliminary Observations on Diseased Structures*;" the results of his long and extensive practice.

*Memoirs of Monkeys, &c. &c.* 12mo. pp. 152. London 1825. Whittaker.

MR. STEWART ROSE amused the town last year with a work on *Monkeys*, which puzzled most people a good deal: they sought for some concealed meaning, and it was not without very considerable cogitation discovered, either that what meaning there was lay on the surface, or that there was little or no meaning at all. The present slight volume has been adapted on a somewhat similar plan, but with still less of mystery. It is simply a collection of accounts of Monkey-tricks, without application to any other purpose than to display the oddities of these imitative animals. Such a production, therefore, needs no remark; and we have only to select a specimen of the writer's manner:

"*The Monkey and the Donkeys*.—In one of the Balearic Islands there dwelt a retired General of France, or rather one who was induced to leave his native soil by the revolutionary proceedings in 1790. His fortune was small, his pursuits confined, and his acquaintance limited; he was remarkably fond of animals, and had a great facility in taming them: his great hobby was, to induce animals of various genera to dwell in peace together. Among these creatures were two donkeys and a monkey; at first the antipathy of the donkeys was so great, that Pug's life was continually in danger. He being compelled to live under the same roof with them, like a prudent animal, determined to try and conciliate them. He watched the nature of their provender, and being often at liberty never failed to bring them vegetables or fruit. Mutual interest healed the discord which no other means could have accomplished, and soon the friendship of Pug and the donkeys became as notorious as their former hatred and dissension. Pug now thought, that the donkeys were the gainers by his friendship, and reaped all the sweets of that rare bond; he therefore resolved to have some return for the numerous carrots and herbs he gave them. Several times he placed provender in their mangers and then enticed them with morsels and a peculiar chatter: as soon as they had learned it, he used to place the herbs, and then hasten to the animals, leap on the back of one, and then begin his chatter, the animals immediately set off to reach the spot where the food was deposited; the delight of Pug was not to be exceeded; he screamed, chattered, and urged the oïe he rode to win the race. The old general, as soon as he discovered the prank, was so charmed, that he often induced Pug to repeat it before any guests who were with him, and particularly before the English naval officers, who frequently called on him, when there, for the purpose of conveying to him all the intelligence they could of the affairs of the Continent."

The book concludes with another story, rather diffusely told:

"It is admitted that the most inspiring of human objects is love, and great are the prodigies men and apes can perform when instigated by it. There dwelt, a few years since in Paris, a beauty, distinguished by her person, abilities, and whims; two men of *haut ton* were rivals for her smiles and love. Like the damsels of the days of chivalry, she determined to impose a task on her admirers, the accomplishment of which would prove their devotion and address. This beauty was not so stern as to demand the heads of kings, who ruled over unknown nations,

nor yet the rings of enchanters, nor the spoils of monsters; all she required were two creatures of congenial natures with her admirers, and so commanded them to bring her an accomplished monkey and a parrot of equal acquirements.

"The object roused all their energies, their steeds were harnessed, heralds sent out to proclaim their wants, and more private emissaries dispatched to more distant places, to give intelligence of the most accomplished of these creatures known in the land.

"The pangs of jealousy, envy, and hatred, agonized one of the beau's, for his rival soon returned in triumph with a parrot of such powers of conversation, that he would have made a speaker against time at St. Stephen's, and would have been invaluable at a contested election. The beauty was charmed with her acquisition, and even allowed the successful hero to imprint on her fair hand a kiss with his trembling lips. This dire intelligence was communicated to the wretched rival, and only increased his pain and his exertions. He heard in England of the celebrated monkey called General Jakk, and instantly hastened to London, and offered one hundred of Louis d'ors for this renowned general. The possessor of Jakk knew his value, and rejected the proffered gold with disdain; tears, prayers, promises, threats, were all tried in vain, and the disconsolate man was on the point of returning to his native country, to retire into some secluded spot, and there drag out a miserable existence; since he never could expect the smiles of his mistress to beam on him, when his successful rival was revelling in the pride of triumph. As he passed disconsolate and hopeless through Leadenhall-market, the sounds of monkey tongue reached his ears; he rushed into the shop whence they proceeded, and saw a most intelligent looking monkey mixing paste for fattening turkeys, who stood around him with expecting gaze, but dared not yield to their eager appetites, since ever and anon he wielded a dreadful switch, which fell with unerring aim on any bold and hungry turkey that approached beyond the prescribed limits. The hurried manner and sudden entrance of the stranger did not startle Pug, who bowed with dignity, and immediately rang a bell, which summoned his master. Pug little suspected the tenour of their conversation, so immersed was he in performing the duties of his station. His surprise was great when the poultreer shook him by the paw, placed him in a cage, and put him, with his new master, for he had paid the gold for him, in a hackney coach. Pug was greatly disconcerted at first, but peaches, and every delicate viand being given him in profusion, he became more reconciled.

"The melancholy of the beau was now changed into joy, and he could neither rest nor eat, so highly were his feelings excited by the anticipations of triumph. He considered his obtaining Pug a greater prodigy than had been achieved since the days of St. George. Every hour added to his delight, since Pug displayed a mind stored with information and worldly knowledge. As soon as passports were procured, four horses were hurrying them along the road to Dover. On their arrival a packet was hired, and they soon were steaming, under a press of sail, the rolling waves. Pug was sea sick, his new master's attention and concern excited his affection, and a bond of friendship was entered into. They hastened post to Paris, and the enamoured beau, after dressing himself, and brushing and scenting Pug, set out for the *Rue de Tournelle*. He flew into the presence of his mistress, threw himself at her feet, and presented Pug, who immediately did obeisance,

and kissed her foot. Polly was no longer a novelty, though valued and beloved, since the bird added greatly to the pleasantries and conversation of her literary coteries. On the arrival of Pug, Poll was at first downcast, then chattered distressingly, and sought comfort from its mistress. Pug looked at the favourite, called it by its name, imitated the native sound of its species, as well as those of numerous birds, until even Poll was pleased. The delight of the beauty was so great, that scandal says, she presented her roseate lips to the enamoured and delighted hero, who exclaimed, with swelling triumph, 'What are the prodigies I cannot do, when urged by such a motive?' The hero who procured Poll was looked on, when he next came, more coldly, and was doomed to suffer all the pangs his rival had endured, before he found the inimitable Pug.

"Various were the accomplishments of this creature, he fed Polly, cleaned her perch, called to her, talked to her, taught her many notes of different birds, from the whistling of the blackbird to the crowing of a cock, and so quite won her heart and divided the affections of his mistress with the successful hero. To his mistress he was still more useful, for he performed the duties of a page, and seemed well satisfied with the caresses of the beauty he served, and the society of Poll. The vanity of the belle was gratified by her coteries being now recherché, which increased her love and admiration of her favourites.

"With all this seeming harmony, jealousy haunted the heart of Pug, and made him devise a cruel scheme to injure his rival Poll. These favourites were left alone, Pug availed himself of the tête à tête, to pick a quarrel with poor Poll; from difference of opinion, the rogue led her to debate, from debate they came to blows. Alas! Pug was scientific, a complete lad of the fancy, he seized Poll, popped her head beneath her wing, and in his fury, stripped her of every feather without bringing one drop of blood. Polly tried to scream in vain, the poultener in Leadenhall-market had, long before that time, made Pug perfect in plucking birds of every feather, and even of preventing them from using their defensive bills when alive—this profound knowledge he thus sadly abused and stripped poor Polly quite naked.

"The beauty returned and soon learnt from the tongue of her bird the dreadful tale—two dukes, three squavans, a poet, and some literary ladies, were all to be there that evening, and here was her chief speaker, naked, and bewailing; the disappointment was more than she could endure, and she burst into tears, and wept so immoderately, that her eyes were red and swollen, and her face, her mirror told her, was not so brilliant as before; this decided Pug's fate, he was seized and whipped severely, and banished her presence until Polly's plumage was again restored by the efforts of nature. Then Pug was re-introduced to her company, but she found the ascendancy she had gained, and screamed and cried whenever he appeared, and exhibited such signs of terror, that Pug was banished to the kitchen, and made to assist the cook whenever poultry was to be dressed. Since the remainder of this memoir has not yet reached the author, he must postpone the completion till a future period, when he will continue it, if he finds that monkeys and their acquirements are deemed a proper study for mankind."

So much for Monkeys: what shall we say of the literary tastes and pretensions of those who sit down to be their memoir writers? Perhaps that the task is worthy of their talents, and their abilities almost equal to the task.

#### THE ENGLISH IN ITALY. 3 vols.

##### *Vindication of the late Lord Nelson.*

We recur to these pleasant volumes, not so much for the purpose of extending our Review of them, as for the sake of the opportunity they afford us of rescuing from misrepresentation, the Memory of the Greatest English Individual that ever visited the Italian shore. We allude to Lord Nelson, respecting whose conduct at Naples, one of the most unfounded calumnies that could be invented, has been propagated with so much perseverance and inveteracy as to obtain current belief, and at last to take a place in historical record. We are empowered to do this by an able Correspondent, for many years resident on the spot; intimate with the most eminent literature; and who has done his Country and our Readers (we are sure) a gracious service, by thus refuting the tongue of slander, which has laboured so long to injure the fame of the foremost of Britain's Naval Heroes.

In the Tale of L'Amoroso, from which we made some extracts in our last Number, one of the Neapolitan characters is thus spoken of—

"The Principessa had been an *intriguante* at Court in the days of Queen Caroline and her dear friend Lady Hamilton; and she had not since ceased to practice the arts she had learned in so perfect a school;" and it was the perusal of this hit at one much sinned against, if sinning, which tempted us to introduce the following paper:—

"The History of Italy from 1789 to 1814, lately published by Carlo Botta, is a work of acknowledged talent and great celebrity. Yet, however excellent in language, it must fall, when viewed as authentic History, inasmuch as it has not always adhered to the truth. Now, truth is to history what light is to day—not only its essential quality, but its very existence; not only an indispensable means, but its sole aim. Be assured, then, that the complaints against this historian are general, on account of the numerous mistakes into which he has fallen, and the inaccuracy which reigns throughout all his narrations. The parts of his History of Italy which are stigmatised for the inaccuracy of the facts and partiality in his decisions, are numerous. But the paragraph in his 18th book, respecting the conduct attributed, in 1799, to Admiral Nelson, in the Gulf of Naples, what most excited my anger and astonishment.

"I will ingenuously confess to you, that my first feeling in reading those pages, was astonishment on perceiving what animosity and industry the author displays, in order to blacken the character of one of the greatest Naval Officers of whom our Country can boast. But my astonishment soon gave place to anger, and anger to indignation, when by means of the public archives, and the asseverations of the most upright eye-witnesses, I became fully convinced that all the imputations heaped upon that great hero, were belied by irrefragable documents. Being so fully convinced of this, I think it my duty, both as an Englishman and the sworn enemy of calumny, to point out all the circumstances that will clear away the cloud from these dark events, and thus vindicate the reputation of our illustrious fellow-countryman, so undeservedly aspersed. The author accuses Admiral Nelson, at that epoch, of two *facts*, or rather *crimes*.

"1. Of having caused his old companion and friend, Francesco Caracciolo, the Neapolitan Vice-Admiral, to be condemned to death, and his corpse to be cast into the sea.

"2. Of having violated the capitulation entered into with the Republicans shut up in the fortresses of Castel Nuovo and Castel dell'Uovo."

"These are dreadful imputations, one of which shocks humanity, and the other justice and good faith. Now for the proofs.

"With respect to the sad end of the Neapolitan Vice-Admiral, the asseveration by which the author is anxious to throw the odium of it upon the English Admiral alone, is astounding. According to his assertion, (pp. 174-5,) Caracciolo was immediately conducted into the presence of Nelson. 'Nelson instantly assembled a Court Martial on board his ship the Thunderer; the Court condemned him, and Nelson ordered him to be hanged at the yard-arm of the Minerva, and his corpse to be cast into the sea: . . . . the halter then, as it pleased the Englishman, puts an end to Prince Caracciolo, and his corpse was cast into the sea.' Thus, a Neapolitan Prince was sent to death by Nelson, formerly his old shipmate, afterwards his generous enemy in battle, and his condemnation to death proceeded from a ship of King George. Then why that precipitate condemnation and execution? Was not the King near at hand? Ought not recourse to have been had to him? Wherefore close the way to mercy? The affection, and not the severity of the King, was feared." [See Botta's Hist.]

"At the sound of such precise and tremendous charges, who would not declare that Nelson, in fact, wished for, ordered, and hastened forward the death of that unfortunate man? Who would not decide that he closed all access to the King's clemency? Finally, who would not opine that there were the most striking proofs of such horrid misdeeds? The truth, however, is, that Nelson was entirely foreign to that dreadful catastrophe, and the following observations will fully convince every one of the fact.

"It is true, that the English Admiral, as Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Forces of H. S. Majesty and of his Allies in the Mediterranean, had under his orders at that time, a fleet of H. S. Majesty, but he exercised no jurisdiction over the Royal fleets of Naples or of Sicily, or over the officers who were not under his immediate command. His interference then, either *de facto* or *de jure*, was confined to naval affairs, and did not extend to the affairs, and much less to the cares of government, or to public administration.

"From this important and truly decisive circumstance, it is manifest that Caracciolo was never conducted into the presence of Admiral Nelson, nor could he be so. He had not been taken with arms in his hand in the act or after a naval combat against the forces of the Allies so as to be claimed by the commander in chief. Captured upon the Continent by the populace whilst he was unarmed and concealing himself, he was looked upon as a *prisoner of state*, and not as a prisoner of war. He was conducted to the head-quarters of Cardinal Ruffo, and not carried on board the Admiral's ship, and was by his Eminence delivered up to the Commander of the Royal Navy of Naples, not indeed to the disposal of an incompetent authority, as that of the English Admiral evidently was. For the same reasons the Court Martial, which condemned Caracciolo, (composed entirely of Neapolitan officers,) was not, nor could be, convoked by Nelson, but by the superior officers of the Royal Navy of H. S. Majesty. And for the same reasons the Court Martial did not assemble, nor could it assemble, upon a ship of King George, but upon a ship of King Ferdinand.

"It is notorious in Naples, that the aforesaid Court Martial was assembled on board the Neapolitan frigate the Minerva. There Caracciolo was transferred, there condemned, and there executed. And, nevertheless, the author wishes absolutely to remove the seat of judgment and

condemnation upon the English ship the Thunderer, without reflecting that the King of the two Sicilies was still on board of her! How is it possible to conceive Courts Martial deciding upon death in the contingency of this August Personage, and almost beneath his eyes? If the facts were not fabulous, the very thought of it would be monstrous. Custom, morality, and public decency, all concur to reject it.

"I have never been able to comprehend what could have induced the historian so sophistically to search for causes of the tragic end of Vice-Admiral Caracciolo, in the personal persecution of Admiral Nelson. He himself, in page 223, of the 15th Book, had written that Francesco Caracciolo had bravely fought for many hours in the waters of Ischia and Procida against the combined fleets. He had added, in page 150, Book xviii., that the 13th of June, 1799, (the day of the re-conquest of the city of Naples), Caracciolo with his light vessels having approached the shore, *cannonaded the flank of the King's army*. Finally, he knew too well, and did not deny it, at page 174 of the same Book, that Caracciolo, in the preceding April, had fought against the Neapolitan frigate the Minerva. Where then is the wonder that he, having fallen into the power of the tribunals, should be immediately arraigned before a summary Court Martial?

"I do not approve of the severity of those times, and I could adduce many circumstances in defence, or at least in excuse, of the Neapolitan officers, who served under the Republic established by the French in Naples. The too precocious departure of the Court for Sicily—the weak and treacherous government of the Vicar-General Pignatelli—the strange and unnecessary capitulation offered by him to the enemy—the cession of all the strong places in the kingdom—the disbanding of the army—the abandonment of every regular defence—his clandestine flight—and what is still worse, the arming the populace, and the dreadful popular anarchy that resulted from it, might perhaps justify the conqueror in obeying the commands of the conqueror; and who, by serving the government erected by him, imagined they were serving their country. But no such considerations prevailed in the King's Council. And Caracciolo was condemned to death, not through the influence or animosity of Nelson, but in consequence of a general system adopted against all those who were found in the same predicament; a system that was constantly followed up until the Amnesty, published the 30th of May, 1800 : a system which sent to summary Courts-martial all the ancient officers accused of *having borne arms* against the land and sea forces of His Majesty. In fact, General Federici, Lieutenant-Colonel Ruggiero, and many others were condemned and executed by martial law. The imputation of the violated capitulation is of the same stamp,

"The historian proclaims the English Admiral as the sole author of this deplorable political crime. He thus expresses himself, page 160, Book 18. 'No sooner were the English ships perceived from blood-streaming Naples, than the Cardinal despatched deputies to Nelson to inform him of the state of affairs, and of the stipulated conditions. The Admiral answered that no treaty entered into with rebels ought to be fulfilled, unless the King had first approved of it; an answer truly intolerable . . . . In the treaty, most certainly, no reserve of ratification had been stipulated, but it was final and absolute.'

" And farther, page 161, he continues : ' The Cardinal was very much grieved at such a resolution, and not wishing to break his word, and in

order that the agreement should be observed, he himself went on board the Admiral's ship, exhorting him in the most urgent manner to consent to it. But the Englishman, as if he were fearful that the victory might be contaminated by humanity and good faith, could not be induced to yield; on the contrary, not being able to answer the arguments and eloquence of the Cardinal, excusing himself by asserting that he did not understand the Italian language, he seized the pen and indited, like a conqueror, the cruel sentence.'

"And, page 162, he adds: 'Nelson proceeding from words to deeds, on entering the harbour with his fleet, declared all the Republicans, who in virtue of the capitulation, had come out of the fortresses, to be prisoners, as well those who had embarked and were not yet departed, as those who had not repaired on ship-board. Then, in order that they might not entertain the least doubt respecting their fate, he ordered them to be hand-cuffed, two by two, and confined in the holds of the ships.'

"And finally, page 164, he concludes in the following manner: 'The King, who was on board of the English ship, *The Thunderer*, not being able to bear the sight of the punishments that were about to take place, returned to Sicily. The field remained open to him who was eager for blood.'

"The levity with which such dreadful enormities are put forth, is incredible.

" If the writer had employed that critical acumen so requisite in all historical compositions, he could not so senselessly have listened to these absurd reports. He ought to have seriously reflected upon the improbability of that message, of that answer, and of that conversation. How could he persuade himself that the CardinalVicar-General of the King would apply not to the monarch who was on the spot, but to a foreign admiral ? How imagine that the King, being in the very ship of the Admiral, surrounded by his counsellors, and his prime minister, Acton, he would confer about the validity of the treaty without Nelson alone, and that the orders of disapprobation should emanate from him only, and be drawn up with his pen ? How swallow that barefaced assertion, that whilst the Government, directly offended by the Republicans who had capitulated, was favourably disposed towards them, the illustrious warrior of Great Britain should thirst after their blood, when he had never received the least injury from them ? And, finally, how could he believe that Nelson could succeed in *breaking faith* with those unfortunate individuals in order to *murder them*, (such are the expressions of the author,) in spite of the will of the King and his cabinet ?

" These are fables, and fables unworthy of an enlightened age. The historian was wrong in collecting and publishing them in a work that bears the title of a history.

" But he was still more wrong in having passed over in profound silence all the acts of the Neapolitan Government, which belie his extravagant hypothesis, and which, being recorded in the public archives and public papers, cannot remain unknown to any body.

"The following is a brief chronological series of them:

"On the — July, 1799, a royal edict was published in print, by which his Majesty declares null and void the capitulation concluded with his rebellious subjects.

"On the —— August, 1799, a royal respite was forwarded to the Junta of State, by which His Majesty through his royal clemency permitted the *state criminals*, taken with arms in their hands in the fortresses of Castel Nuovo,

and Castel dell' Uovo, to repair to France, remaining, however, for ever banished from the royal dominions.

"On the —— August a Commissary of Police made the round of the 14 Pollacche, upon which, for upwards of forty days, about 1500 of those who had capitulated, had embarked, and had always been left at liberty, and never put in chains. They undersigned an *obligation* conformable to the above-mentioned royal decree.

" Two days after these were selected, by the agents of the Neapolitan Governments, out of the whole of the capitulated ready to depart, eighty-three individuals who were put into fetters, landed, and distributed among the various prisons of the city. The vessels then immediately set sail, and carried all the others to Toulon and Marseilles.

"A royal message of the same day ordered the Junta of State to proceed against the said eighty-three individuals with all the rigour of the laws, but to suspend the execution of the sentence, and report it to His Majesty.

" All the sentences of death pronounced against those before the battle of Novi were commuted by His Majesty into perpetual imprisonment in the Islands adjacent to Sicily. The condemnations pronounced after that battle were put into execution.

" These undeniable facts gave rise to the public opinion, constantly maintained to our times, that the Neapolitan Government, together with the English Admiral, wished to annul of right, but to execute, in fact, the capitulation under examination, giving it, as it were, by the exchanged title of justice into clemency, a monarchical form : that for the honour of the said monarchical principle a public trial of the chiefs was requisite, under a solemn engagement not to execute them, but to retain them as prisoners until a general peace : that this pledge given to Lord Nelson was faithfully observed, until the defeat of the French at Novi, and the death of Gen. Joubert induced the Cabildo of Naples, after the departure of Lord Nelson from Naples, to put to death indiscriminately all those who were condemned after the victory of the Austro-Russians : a most infamous and fatal resolution, generally attributed to Queen Caroline, and adopted by her during the absence of the Admiral, who can be reproached with nothing but his too great confidence in an enraged and vindictive ministry. Such being the real circumstances of this case, it is not easy to repress a feeling of indignation towards a person who could voluntarily defile the pages of a work pretending to be a faithful record of the transactions of the period, of which it treats, with calumnies and falsehoods so gross as they are detestable. It is revolting to humanity, but it nevertheless is evidently true, that it is not to be directly charged upon the author, that these infamous misrepresentations were invented for the sole purpose of obtaining favour with the Court of Naples, by removing from it the stigma which justly attached to it for the conduct pursued at that melancholy era, by casting it upon a foreigner whose character and reputation was too transcendent, and whose deeds in arms were too glorious to his country, not to be an object of hatred and of envy to such an historian as Mr. Botta.

"I need not confine myself to the account of the transactions which have now been treated of, to be persuaded of the malice this author bears towards England, and the great names in the possession of which she has a right to feel proud: the calumnies he has heaped upon Lord W. Entwistle—the misrepresentations of the transactions in which he was concerned in Sicily, are as disgusting as those which have been remarked

upon the case of Lord Nelson. It is not my present concern to answer them; suffice it that I now declare the disgust they have excited in all who are acquainted with the true history of those events."

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Slave Colonies of Great Britain, &c.* Hatchard. A PAMPHLET of 164 pages; and a strenuous effort on the side of those who have taken a strong part both in Parliament and in public generally against the Colonial interests. It purports to be an abstract of official papers from the West Indies; and out of these to prove many cases of oppression and cruelty against the owners of Slaves in these important islands. Portions of it are rather nasty and unfit for being published; but the apology may be, that these details were necessary to substantiate the truth of the charges. It is pretty clear, upon the whole, that the negroes know they have white friends who will make the most of their grievances, and that they often act accordingly: it is also evident that instances of barbarity do occur which ought to be prevented or punished.

*Sketches in Biography*, by John Clay. Edinburgh. Waugh & Innes; M. Ogle, Glasgow; Robinson & Bent, Manchester; L. Clarke, Preston; T. Kaye, Liverpool; R. M. Sims, Dublin; Duncan, London.

The view this author takes of his subject is, we doubt, more pleasant than true. We acknowledge literary pursuits have an ameliorating influence on the character, and lay open many sources of enjoyment; but we do not think that many literary men can be pointed out as examples of felicity. The strong feelings of genius, particularly, are ill adapted for the quiet content which is most likely to constitute our earthly happiness. At all events it is taking the sunny side; and the Biographical Sketches are neatly and interestingly written, and it is a subject we recommend with the author to pursue.

*The highest Castle and the lowest Cave*, by Rebecca Edridge. 12mo. 3 vols. Lon. 1825. Whittaker. The highest degree of nonsense, the lowest degree of rubbish.

*The Camisard, or the Protestants of Languedoc*. 3 vols. 12mo. Whittaker.

Very respectable in the second range of historical novels.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.  
LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, October 23.

We have had published a Collection of the Latin Classics, with ancient and new commentaries, and complete indices, edited by Professors of the Paris Academy, and the Ancient University. Published by Ch. Gosselin in 8vo. and 12mo. Virgil, 5 vols., has been edited by M. Amar.

In Roman Catholic countries, where the service of the Church is in Latin, and the Bible in Latin, that language becomes almost a living one, and we consequently find a much greater portion of the community understand it than in Protestant countries, where the Bible is not attempted to be made a sealed book, and where prayers are offered to the Most High, in a language which all can understand. In England, for instance, the Latin language forms part of a liberal education only, and is a necessary acquirement for all who pursue liberal professions; and even then is too often considered as merely the scaffolding of that education, which may, without loss, be laid aside the moment the edifice is finished: so that when an English gentleman travels on the Continent, if he cannot understand the language

of the country, he cuts a very sorry figure when he is addressed in Latin by persons greatly his inferiors, with whom he is probably unable to sustain the slightest conversation; and, if his pocket cannot make up for the deficiency of his talents, it is ten to one that he will be regarded as an impostor, and a man obscurely brought up. All learning is like polished steel—it soon rusts if not constantly attended to; and it was, no doubt, the conviction of this truth, that induced the editors of the Classics for the use of the Dauphin, to give verbal indices, by which means an imperfect memory could at once turn to the passage desired, and thus save that time which a person is not always disposed to give in hunting out even a favourite part; whereas, this being rendered facile, the reader takes up his classic with pleasure and thus insensibly keeps up his knowledge.

As the text of ancient authors is frequently obscure, especially when the subject relates to customs and ceremonies which have long ceased to exist, an edition with the notes of the ancient scholiasts, and those of modern commentators was published, and is known by the name of the Variorum Classics. One or other of these systems has been adopted in almost all the principal editions published during the last century. Combined they are invaluable, and it is surprising that classical editors should not oftener have hit upon the idea, and have thought that an edition embracing the merits of a school book, and the higher degrees of classical research, published at a moderate price, must be a most acceptable present to all classes. It is this rare merit which the edition of the Classics now under notice possesses. And for one pound we have Heyne's Virgil, his Preface and Notes, the Life of Virgil, by Lebeau, and a modest advertisement by the editor, M. Amar, who had no occasion to deprecate criticism, or to say with Horace,

*Optimus ille est  
Qui minimis utetur.*

The purity of the text in his edition of Virgil published by Lefèvre, is a sufficient guarantee of his care in this. When an editor reads proofs over six times, to insure the purity of the text, he may be said to destroy the truth of his own remark, "Quae enim hominum ea fere librorum conditio est nullus sine virtus."

Such editions need no recommendation.

We have also, just published,—Album Historique des Gens du Monde.—Historical Album, containing a complete Chronology, sacred and profane, from the Creation to the Birth of Jesus Christ. By M. de St. Alais. 3 vols. 18mo.

This work, modest in its title as in its size, is one of those productions which require intense application and immense research. The author of the *Nobilitaire de France*, the Genealogical History of all the Sovereign Princes of Europe, and the editor of the last edition of *L'Art de l'Écriture des Dates*, would not affix his name to an inferior production. He has every where consulted the best authorities, and has embodied the result in three volumes, which, from their merit, are worthy of the splendid quarto, and deserve a place in every library, being indispensable for whoever wishes to write on ancient history, as it will save them the trouble of researches, which are in the power only of those who have access to libraries like those of the British Museum or the Royal Library of France.

The author's great genealogical work of the Sovereign Princes of Europe obtained him decorations and rich presents from a number of these great personages; and the work is itself referred to as authority by the courts.

He meditates, it is said, a new work on the

English gentry, which will merit their suffrages, as it will place them in the eyes of continental Europe in that rank which they ought to hold at foreign courts, where the word "gentleman" is become almost a by-word.

Harriet Wilson, alias Mrs. Rochfort, has been much abused for drawing all her friends, and publishing the scandalous chronicle of those who would not be drawn. She was long supported by fops and fools, and now she charitably turns the tables and offers to support fops and fops, *Anglaise*, she is ready to lend back the money she has received from them. Witness the following advertisement: "Noblemen and Gentlemen accommodated with temporary advance of cash upon good security. Annuities, reversions, and post obits purchased. Address, by letter, post paid, giving particulars, to the Porter, 91, Grande Rue de Chaillot, Champs Elysée."—*Galigrani's Messenger*, 19 Oct. The house 91, is the residence of Harriet Wilson, alias Mrs. Rochfort, after she left her shabby lodgings in the faubourg, St. Honoré: she now keeps a carriage and three servants. So much for bullying and bookmaking.

The PUFF PATRIOTIC.—The dreadful fire at Salins has called forth subscriptions amongst all classes of the French, which has in turn called forth the inventive genius of the authors; several whose works died still-born, have discovered a famous way of resuscitating them. They advertise that half-a-dozen copies of such a work is deposited at such a booksellers, to be sold for the benefit of the sufferers of Salins; the work is also to be had at —— price ——. The author thus kills two birds with one stone; he makes a work that had been sunk into oblivion known, and gains the character of a charitable humane puff! puff! puff! Many of the small fry of authors are thus making an effort to start into notice.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR NOVEMBER.

"Quando contempro el cielo."

"I gaze upon you orbs of light,  
The countless stars that gem the sky,  
Each in its sphere serenely bright,  
Wheeling its course—how silently!  
While in the mantle of the night,  
Earth and its cares and troubles lie."

*Ancient Spanish Poetry.*

THE passing month has been distinguished for its brilliant assemblage of planetary bodies; at one period (with the exception of Uranus) the whole system, including the recent comet, was visible at one glance of the eye;—an occurrence we cannot very soon expect to witness again. The occultation of Saturn by the moon to-morrow evening, (see last week's *Gazette*), a phenomenon scarcely inferior in interest to a transit of Venus or Mercury, will be a conclusion worthy of so memorable a month.

On the 22d three considerable spots were observed on the Sun's disc; these were holding the same relative situation on the 24th, only more defined, the largest having that confused appearance near it, which indicated an incipient spot. On each day they were examined by bringing their image into a darkened room, when it was impossible to conceive of them either as elevations on the surface, or opaque matter circulating in the atmosphere; the faint shadowing round the nucleus, exhibited all the appearances of an orifice sloping towards the dark part, which, we may suppose, doubtless the opening in the solar atmosphere, unveiling the Sun's opaque body.

Merc.  
Venus  
Mars  
Jupiter  
Saturn

Uranus

Eclips.

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The planets rise and culminate during November, as in the following table:

	1st.	7th.	13th.	19th.	25th.
Ris. [Cul.]	Ris. [Cul.]	Ris. [Cul.]	Ris. [Cul.]	Ris. [Cul.]	Ris. [Cul.]
b. m.	7 12 0 8 7 20 0 8 7 48 0 8 20 0 8 26 0 8 56	1 12 0 8 1 20 0 8 1 48 0 8 20 0 8 26 0 8 56	5 12 0 8 5 20 0 8 5 48 0 8 20 0 8 26 0 8 56	3 12 0 8 3 20 0 8 3 48 0 8 20 0 8 26 0 8 56	1 12 0 8 1 20 0 8 1 48 0 8 20 0 8 26 0 8 56
Merc. 7 12 0 8 7 20 0 8 7 48 0 8 20 0 8 26 0 8 56	13 12 0 8 13 20 0 8 13 48 0 8 20 0 8 26 0 8 56	1 12 0 8 1 20 0 8 1 48 0 8 20 0 8 26 0 8 56	5 12 0 8 5 20 0 8 5 48 0 8 20 0 8 26 0 8 56	3 12 0 8 3 20 0 8 3 48 0 8 20 0 8 26 0 8 56	1 12 0 8 1 20 0 8 1 48 0 8 20 0 8 26 0 8 56
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Uranus will pass the meridian on the 1st, 4<sup>th</sup> 46<sup>m</sup>; 11th, 4<sup>h</sup> 7<sup>m</sup>; 21st, 3<sup>h</sup> 28<sup>m</sup>.

*Eclipses, Conjunctions, and other Phenomena.—* The Moon will be eclipsed Nov. 25th, 3<sup>h</sup> 24<sup>m</sup> 45<sup>s</sup>, consequently will rise eclipsed at 4<sup>h</sup> 1<sup>m</sup>, middle 4<sup>h</sup> 22<sup>m</sup>, end 5<sup>h</sup> 19<sup>m</sup>. Digits eclipsed 2<sup>o</sup> 37' on the Moon's southern limb, or from the northern side of the Earth's shadow. This will occur in the constellation Taurus, and nearly in a right line between Pleiades and Aldebaran.

The eclipses of Jupiter's satellites will be frequent; those of the first satellite, which will be visible, are on the 1st day, 18<sup>h</sup> 17<sup>m</sup> 45<sup>s</sup>; 10th day, 14<sup>h</sup> 39<sup>m</sup> 43<sup>s</sup>; 17th day, 16<sup>h</sup> 33<sup>m</sup> 11<sup>s</sup>; 24th day, 18<sup>h</sup> 26<sup>m</sup> 35<sup>s</sup>; 26th day, 12<sup>h</sup> 54<sup>m</sup> 54<sup>s</sup>; 27th day, 18<sup>h</sup>; the satellites will all be on the east side of the planet; the same again on the 24th, at the same hour, with the third and fourth in conjunction.

On the 1st day Mercury will have passed his superior conjunction; 5th day, 8<sup>h</sup> 45<sup>m</sup> the Moon will be in conjunction with Jupiter in Leo; 6th day, 2<sup>h</sup> 15<sup>m</sup> with Mars in the same sign; 7th day, 19<sup>h</sup> 37<sup>m</sup> 3<sup>s</sup> with Venus in Virgo; 10th day, 7<sup>h</sup> with Mercury in Libra; 26th day, 19<sup>h</sup> with Saturn in Taurus.

The proportion which the minor axis of Saturn's ring bears to the major, is this month in the proportion of 1000 to 497. 1st day, Venus has 10 digits of the eastern part of her disc illuminated with an apparent diameter of 45''. The most distinct and beautiful views of this planet are to be obtained in the day time, and may be observed whenever the sky is clear, during a period of 583 days, with the occasional exception of 13 days in one case, and only 3 in another.

#### Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter	• • •	3 <sup>d</sup>	6 <sup>h</sup>	21 <sup>m</sup>
New Moon	●	• • •	9	21 13
First Quarter	○	• • •	16	23 31
Full Moon	◎	• • •	25	4 12

*Telescopic Objects.—* Among those Stars, whose situation during the month is adapted for observation as interesting telescopic objects, is Castor in Gemini; this is what is termed a double star, though two of which it appears composed may be as remote from each other as our Sun is from either, having this appearance from being seen in nearly the same direct line of vision.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### CAPTAIN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

###### Latest intelligence.

We have received a letter from Churchill so late as the 23d of August, which says that Captain Franklin's first party passed a very pleasant winter; some of them at Carlton House, and others at Cumberland House. About the end of May, a day or two before the Expedition was to proceed on its course, one of the men (the carpenter it is believed) broke his leg, which would prevent him from going on with his companions this season. Captain Franklin on his arrival in the country, went forward through Lake Winnipeg to join the above division; and it was supposed he would overtake them about the time they reached Athabasca.—*Literary Gazette.*

#### CENTRAL AFRICA.

The journals of the several travellers who lately explored Central Africa will, we understand, be introduced to the public in the course of the forthcoming season; most probably through the medium of Mr. Murray. Doctor Ouseley, Major Denham, and Captain Clapperton, as our readers may remember, (though we restate it to introduce a few additional particulars,) were associated in the undertaking, and after landing at Tripoli, penetrated together into the interior of Africa as far as Bornou. At this place Major Denham separated from the others, and Doctor Ouseley and Captain Clapperton then took a south-west direction, journeying amongst countries altogether unknown to Europeans. Doctor Ouseley, worn down with cough, and fever, and general debility, manifested, nevertheless, the greatest perseverance, until one morning, when he was about to be lifted upon his camel, he desired to be carried back to his tent, where he died almost immediately. Captain Clapperton then continued his route alone S. W. until he reached a large city called Kano, and finally penetrated as far as Sokotan, which lies in the same latitude as (and as it is conceived not above a few hundred miles distant from) the Bight of Benin. In the course of this journey Dr. Ouseley and Captain Clapperton met with various singular occurrences, and became acquainted with a nation whose manners, power, and civilization were hitherto totally unknown to Europeans. They passed through immense swamps—through meadows of grass eight or ten feet high—crossing tracks of the lion and the hippopotamus—and passing by hordes of robbers, until they arrived among a people, who seem to unite the Ethiopians with the Arab. These people (although not extremely civilized) are not unacquainted with many of the civilized arts. They are expert in horsemanship, and use Maltese sword-blades; such as formerly belonged to the Knights of Malta. They have, as an order, the Maltese cross in clay. They use cupping, which is effected by scarifying the skin with a razor, and then applying a horn full of holes, and sucking out the air; and they laugh exceedingly at our explanations of the Trinity.

These matters will probably be detailed amongst innumerable others, and they will be detailed more correctly, as we are obliged to speak from recollection, and can only offer scraps of conversation held with one of the travellers. But we are sure that every additional fact, on this subject, must be received with great interest by the public.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

WILT thou not welcome the wanderer kindly  
Back to the home he has ranged from so long?  
He thro' the world has been toss'd about blindly,  
Battling with sorrow, with toil, and with wrong;  
Yet thro' the darkness one light was still shining,  
Often ungaazed on, yet never declining,  
Leading to Love and to Thee.

Hitherward still were his bosom's thoughts turn'd—  
Even when roaming the farthest apart; [ing.  
All other joys that around him were burning,  
Dazzled the vision, but warm'd not the heart.  
Glory, and wealth, and ambition have left him,  
Yet they of nought of delight have bereft him,  
If he be smil'd on by Thee.

Worn by the tempest, his heart seeks the haven  
Offered him once by contentment and love;  
Thee he forsook awhile, like the false raven;  
Home to his ark he returns like the dove.  
Say but he still there is welcome as ever,  
While he with life is warm, never, O, never  
More will he wander from Thee! ZARACH.

#### "QUARTA JUNCTA IN UNO."

*Sonnet on the four Sonnets in last L. G.*  
RANGE thro' the fields in Spring's enchanting hours,  
And mark the beauties that are spread around!  
Lo, how the Summer doth bedeck the ground  
With choicest store of blooming fruits and flow'rs!  
See how the yellow Autumn amply show'rs  
Her gifts, that with glad plenteousness abound!  
In gloomy Winter, too, use may be found,  
For then the Earth doth renovate her pow'rs!  
Ponder on all these things—Do they not raise,  
To the great Author, of mutual thanks and praise?  
Do they not speak, in accents fondly strong,  
The pow'r and greatness of his mighty ways?  
The speechless thanks that to His name belong? R.

#### SACRED TO MEMORY.

WHAT man, how'er his pure heart's sense  
Droop, withered at the shrine of fashion,  
Turns not to that deep, hallowed passion,  
First Love—first feelings of the soul intense?  
As joys of childhood, chaste and holy—  
As thoughts of childhood, melancholy.  
Her eye was calm and heavenly blue;  
The harelip and the violet,  
Though bright and delicate their hue,  
Were painted gems compared to it—  
'Twas life, and life, where'er it loved, it lit!  
Her step was timid; like the tread  
Of angels round the dying bed:  
Her smile even Pity's self might borrow  
To charm the wounded soul of sorrow;  
Her voice the voice of woman's love;  
Her hand a lily-flower;  
'Twas extasy to prove,  
With sighs and tears, unheard, unseen,  
The magic of her power,  
And worship her, the Passion's Faery Queen!  
Wandering with thee, Eliza, all alone,  
In the hour of Nature's stillness;  
Though in heart and spirit one,  
I could not deem thee aught like me,  
A child of sad reality:  
But thy form, as something born  
Of the breezy breath of morn—  
Summer morn, that knows no chillness;  
And thy mind a gentle ray,  
From the Deity of day!  
Oh Death—Death! cruel king,  
Killing so fair, so lov'd a thing!  
How terrible thou art,  
When augh! we've loved in life so dear,  
Lies soul-less, pallid, drear, [heart!  
Cold, tenantless, and pierced by thee unto the  
Heave no more, thou beauteous breast,  
Loves nor cares disturb thy rest!  
Smile no more, sweet lip, sweet eye!  
Cheek disown thy rosy dye!  
Tongue forget thy melody!  
Start no more fond tears of gladness!  
Sepulchres rejoice in sadness!—

Why so soon, my love, my light,  
Wed thee to the arms of night?  
And thy sainted form of forms  
Give to loathsome lip of worms!  
Yielding to the greedy earth,  
One to whom she gave not birth—  
So infinite treasure,  
Of delight and pleasure.  
Life, earth, no more I love ye!  
Death hath charms above ye:  
Vision—before thee  
Kneeling, ever I adore thee!  
Hither your sweets, ye ministering spirits bring:  
I'll deck her grave with flowers of earliest spring!  
Let gentle music to my prayer be given:  
Ye solemn anthems lift my soul to Heaven!  
I see her tread the starry land!  
I see her hand in hand,  
Sister of a seraph-band!  
Stoop, angels stoop, and waft me to her side!  
O, take the lover, or restore the bride!

T. C. N.

## THE MAINOTE'S\* SONG.

NE'ER bore my neck a slavish yoke,  
Ne'er galled my arms a tyrant's chain ;  
Free as the streamlet from the rock,  
I dash'd into my native plain.  
I stood beside the graves of those,  
Who, in their time, as meteors shone ;  
For Freedom's sake alone they rose,  
And Freedom hailed them as her own.  
Freedom ! my best, my dearest friend !  
For thee I heave this plaintive sigh ;  
For thee I watch, for thee contend,  
Thine was I born, and thine I'll die.  
Free as the already-spoken word,  
Or yonder sparrow on the wing,  
I own no vizier for my lord,  
No despot sultan for my king.  
Ye men, who live as slaves below,  
And name me Robber, ruthless thief,  
If Freedom's bliss you seek to know,  
Call upon me, the mountain Chief.  
If Liberty you wish to gain,  
Each join me with his attaghan ;  
We'll bring her down into the plain,  
And she shall bless you, every man.

13th Sept. 1825.

G. L.

\* The modern Spartan.

## TO ANNE H——.

"Sweet Anne."—Shakespeare.

I thought of all the lovely things  
Which gem the mountain and the vale ;  
I thought of ev'ry flow'r that springs,  
The regal rose, the lily pale ;  
Of ev'ry charm of earth and sea—  
But nought that could resemble thee—  
All that in nature most delighted,  
With thee compar'd, was scorn'd and slighted ;  
But most I thought thy radiance bright,  
Like the beautiful sky of a summer's night.  
Thy form is like a silver cloud  
Floating along the sea of blue,  
Which having serv'd the moon to shroud,  
Hath robb'd it of its sweetest hue ;  
So pure, so bright, it glides away,  
Like a new orb, to carry day.  
To some sweet land, where all are fair  
As you, young queen of beauty, are.  
Two of the purest stars that shine,  
Are like those gentle eyes of thine ;  
Stars which fling their beams below  
In pity for this earth of woe,  
And seek in ev'ry cloudless night  
For some lone heart that loves their light.  
But, oh ! the blue, the heav'nly blue,  
Those sparkling meteors dazzle through !  
Well may we deem the ether, heaven,  
Being so like the lustre given  
To those sweet soul-subduing eyes,  
Which weep for all they sacrifice.  
Thy clear white neck is the Milky Way ;  
Thy waving hair like the clouds which stray  
In shadowy beauty, faintly concealing  
Its brightest of glories, but revealing  
Would charm us to gaze for a long life there,  
And die when remov'd from a vision so fair.  
The bloom which mantles o'er thy face  
Glowes like the mellow flush we trace  
Upon the midnight summer moon,  
Descending to the sweetest tune  
Play'd by the timid western breeze,  
While stealing through the distant trees  
To thrill upon the sleeping lake  
Such music none on earth can wake.  
Dear Lady ! thou hast given birth  
To this my song, and raised the sigh—  
Who would not spurn the richest earth,  
To gain so sweet a sky ?

J. B. B.

## ANACREONTIC.

FILL the bowl, the goblet sip,  
Sparkling sands too quickly pass ;  
Bid yon red and ros'y lip  
Pale the ruby in the glass.  
Traitor, hence !—I scorn thee now,  
Once this virgin heart was thine—  
Fling unto the winds thy vow ;  
When they mock thee, say 'twas mine !  
They will sigh and woo like thee,  
Breathe soft kisses o'er thy cheek ;  
Thine their truth and constancy,—  
Laugh---and leave the heart to break !

A - - A.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GLEANINGS, FROM THE GERMAN, &amp;c.

[No. 2.—To be continued occasionally.]

## TO LAURA.

SINCE mine every blessing from Heav'n that proceeds,  
So kindly thou wishest to be,  
Let the truth of thy words be confirm'd by thy deeds,  
And give me all Heav'n in Thee !

*Written Answers given by the Pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Paris.*

What ideas have we of eternity ?—It is without limits, like the blue Heavens,—it is an immeasurable abyss—a sea without a shore—space without bounds,—it is the lifetime of the everlasting, unperishable God.

What is thought ?—The sight of the mind.  
What is meant by a Constitutional Monarchy ?—It is the union of Power with Freedom.

## CASPAR KARLINSKI.—[A Polish Anecdote.]

In the course of the sanguinary war which was carried on between the Swedes and the Poles, in the sixteenth century, respecting the rights of Sigismund the Third, the King of Poland, to the throne of Sweden, the Swedish usurper prepared to invade Poland with the whole force of his kingdom. Sigismund, unable to make head in the field against the overwhelming superiority of the enemy, contented himself with reinforcing the garrisons of his frontier towns, and placing in the chief command, warriors of approved courage and fidelity.

Among others, the King selected Caspar Karlinski, as one on whom he could safely rely in the emergencies of his situation. He was a nobleman, then advanced in years, and renowned among his countrymen, not so much for his wealth or his rank, as for the dauntless valour he had frequently displayed in the service of his native land. He willingly obeyed the commands of his sovereign, and repaired immediately to the fortress of Olftzyn, the post assigned to him.

A formidable body of the enemy soon made their appearance before Olftzyn, and a threatening summons to surrender was sent to Karlinski. His answer was—"I will obey no orders but those of my King, and will keep the faith I have pledged to him, untarnished till death." The enemy changed their mode of attack, and made him the most splendid offers—a seat in the senate, the highest rank, and boundless possessions, if he would surrender Olftzyn, and embrace their party. Karlinski treated their bribes with greater scorn than their threats. The hostile leaders set before him the disproportion of the contending forces, the weakness of his side, and the consequent danger to which he exposed himself by his obstinacy. Karlinski saw only the peril of his country, and remained equally inflexible. Convinced at last of his unbending integrity, and confident of victory, the enemy made a furious attack upon the castle; but through the strength of the walls, the bravery

of the besieged, and still more the skill of their gallant commander, they were repulsed with immense slaughter.

The foe were discouraged by this defeat, but still determined on the attempt to gain by stratagem what negotiation and force had alike failed in procuring for them. Every disposition was therefore made, as if they intended another assault. The gallant Karlinski

"on the heights array'd,"  
His trusty champions, few but undismay'd,  
And relying on his good cause, and the bravery  
of his followers, excited as it was by their recent  
victory, looked fearlessly to the result of the  
approaching conflict. The adversary advanced  
still nearer and nearer; they were already within  
gun-shot of the castle walls, when their front  
ranks unfolded, and an armed man, leading a  
woman by the hand with a child in her arms,  
came forward. The besieged gazed on one  
another in astonishment at this unexpected  
appearance; and Karlinski, as if spell-bound, re-  
mained looking on it for some time in mute  
amazement; all on a sudden he uttered a loud  
cry, and exclaimed, "Almighty God ! it is my  
son ! my Seigmund !" and fell motionless on the  
ramparts.

It was indeed his son, whom the enemy, at the instigation of a friend, had surprised with his nurse and carried away, and had now placed in front of their army; hoping through this expedient to be able to advance to the castle walls without being exposed to the fire from the hostile ramparts.

Their cunning was at first successful; the besieged, from their love to their adored commander, dared not discharge a single cannon, and the Swedes approached, undisturbed, almost to the foot of the walls, and prepared to scale them. Karlinski at this moment recovered his senses, but it was only to suffer a greater anguish. He saw the danger, but no means of averting it without a sacrifice too dreadful to think of. "I have lost," he cried out in a despairing voice, "seven brave sons in battle for my country, and is this last sacrifice still required from me ?" A death-like pause ensued, broken only by the cries of the child, whose features now could be distinctly traced, as he was still carried in advance of the onward-moving ranks. Karlinski at last seemed inspired with superhuman strength; he snatched the lighted brand from the hand of one of the gunners—"God ! he cried, I was a Pole before I was a father," and with his own hand, discharged the gun which was to be the signal for a general volley. A tremendous fire was immediately poured from every battlement; it swept away to death Karlinski's infant, and multitudes of the enemy; the besieged made a vigorous sally; Karlinski was completely victorious, and Olftzyn was delivered !

THE TREASURE-SEEKER.—[From Goethe.]  
FAMILIARIZED as the public have lately been, through the medium of *Der Freischutz*, to some of the wildest of German superstitions, it is perhaps scarcely necessary to remind the English reader of the popular belief, in Germany, that there are in many places concealed treasures, which may be obtained by propitiatory incantations to the Demon to whose charge they are entrusted. It is on this traditional superstition that the original of the following translation is founded :

My purse was low, my spirit worn,  
My weary days I drag'd forlorn,  
Till fancying wealth of goods the first,  
And poverty of ill's the worst,  
I was determined wealth to win,  
Reckless, altho' the means were sin;  
The price I offer is my soul;  
I wrote, and sign'd with blood the scroll.  
Unhallow'd fires I duly plac'd  
In circles within circles trac'd;

Strange herbs and bones together brought,  
Until the magic spell was wrought;  
Then seeking for the golden spoil,  
Long hidden deep beneath the soil,  
By rules of art I dug the ground,  
While night and storm were black around.

As struck the hour of deep midnight,  
From the remotest point of sight  
I saw a light gleam from afar,  
Advancing towards me like a star;  
A sudden radiance lit the spot,  
As swift and dazzling sparkles shot  
From waves that billow'd in a cup,  
A boy of earthless charms held up.  
I saw his eyes flash bright beneath  
A rich and lovely flowery wreath,  
And in the radiance of the flame,  
Within the circle's bound he came;  
With friendly voice he bade me drink,  
And, as I gaz'd, I could not think  
The gift which so divinely shone,  
Was proffer'd by the evil one.

"Drink hence!—the draught within will give  
Thee courage a pure life to live,  
Inhale a better, holier love,  
And come to this bad spot no more;  
A better spell from me receive—  
Long toil by day, and friends at eve,  
Weeks spent in labour, feasts in mirth—  
No other spell thou'lt need on earth."

## DRAMA.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

On Friday, a new Operatic Drama was produced called *Lilia*, but to enter into any thing like particulars, is really more than we have spirits to attempt. Our readers, perhaps, will be satisfied with being told, that its chief incident is something similar to that in the Opera of *Clari*; but that in the piece before us, as many horrors as a German imagination could conceive, or a German audience enjoy, have been added in abundance, and that they contribute all they can to encumber and deform the story. Thus the father, even in his most amiable mood, is, to say the best of him, unreasonable, vindictive, and tyranical. He walks all night about the churchyard—meditates murder—affronts the parson—comes home again—scolds the servants—curses his daughter—they goes mad and jumps into a torrent. The lover bullies and insults his mistress at their first meeting—sets fire to her cottage—and then is thrown down a precipice; and yet, after all these dreadful and appalling scenes, to say nothing of the destruction of a punch-bowl and the dislocation of a corner cupboard, there is a dance and a song, and the thing ends what is called "happily." We discovered, likewise, in the progress of the piece, some dull music, some tolerable acting, some magnificent scenery, and a great deal of disapprobation. If we are to exist upon the refuse of the foreign stages, could not Mr. Planché look out for something lively? Should the present Drama live till November, and be played the same evening with the *Frieschutz*, the coroner, we fear, will have a hard time of it for the succeeding week.

We are happy to find that our remarks upon the manner in which some plays were lately cast, have not been altogether thrown away. Fletcher's sterling comedy of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, has been revived at this Theatre; and every character, however trifling, has been not only respectfully, but excellently sustained. To indulge ourselves with the praise of each separate performer would be a most pleasing office, but our limits permitting only a selection, we must be content with the honourable mention of two or three of the principals, at the same time observing, that we are quite sure that Mr. Cooper, Mrs. Vining, and Mr. Keeley, and others who have in this instance descended from their comparative elevation, have "moulded no feather" of their popularity, but, on the contrary, stand as high, or higher than ever in the public estimation. Mr. C. Kemble for the first time, we believe, appeared as *Leon*, and he may congratu-

late himself upon his having added to his list of parts, a performance as accomplished—as highly finished—and as perfect, as any that have preceded it. The mock simplicity assumed by the character, in the first part of the comedy, was represented with a silly clownish humour, which we hardly gave him the credit of possessing—his figure even appeared to have undergone a change, and to have been "curtailed of its fair proportions," whilst his assumption of authority after marriage, the advice with which he commences the desired reformation of his new-made wife, his spirited behaviour to the *Duke*, and his manly nobleness, and freedom from resentment when all his devices are exposed, were depicted with consummate art, and accompanied with a grace of action and a propriety of elocution, which we have never seen surpassed. Jones, in *Michael Perez*, was equally at home; well looking, well-dressed, in the highest spirits; and whether miserable or happy, claiming the same full measure of laughter and applause. Of Mrs. Faust and Miss Chester we can also speak favourably; the carriage of the one was in good keeping with the pride and weakness of *Margarita*; and the other displayed more of the *vis comica*, than she is wont to do in her *Estifania*. In short, the whole is a great treat, and one of that description that we often wish to see repeated.

On Wednesday, a Mr. Fitz-Harris made his first, and we sincerely hope, his last appearance, as *Othello*. He is a noisy actor, without sense or reading; as great a stranger to the words, as to the spirit or passion of the part. All the characters in this tragedy have been newly dressed; and it is announced, that the dresses are now what they properly ought always to have been. All this we do not dispute, but we nevertheless give our vote in favour of the old habiliments. The present are neither so picturesque, nor so becoming as the former. We like to see officers of the same regiment, like *Cassio* and *Iago*, in uniform clothing, whether right or wrong; and we cannot abide a soldier mounting guard, in a dark night, in white silk stockings and white kid shoes. To us it appears as ridiculous, as the American militiamen with their umbrellas.

## HAYMARKET.

On Saturday, Colman's *Mountaineers* was performed at this Theatre, for the purpose of introducing Mr. James Vining, for the first time, to a London audience. *Octavian*, the hero of the drama, is altogether so extravagant a personage, that notwithstanding many actors have made favourable impressions in the part, it is by no means fair to assume it as a test of ability, and we therefore on the Monday visited his *Rolla*, that from the delineation of such opposite characters, we might be enabled to form something like a correct judgment of his powers. Mr. Vining has by no means a badly formed countenance, but it is rather wanting in expression; his figure is tall, but loosely put together; his voice flexible, but of no great force; and his action sometimes graceful, and at others, too redundant. His general style of acting may, we think, be characterised as shewy; and his qualities are such, that we doubt not, with the practice of a year or two, he might make a second journey to London with credit and advantage. Some of the scenes in *Pizarro*, particularly the whole of the fourth act, he played with considerable talent. The worst thing about him, is the extreme labour with which he makes his points. It is sometimes so great as to become almost painful to the spectator, and, consequently, detracts much from the pleasure and effect of his performance. The rest of the characters in the two plays, if we except those filled

by Mrs. and Miss Glover, and Mrs. Humby, found but sorry representations; and the appearance of the house, more than once, drew forth our sighs, and made us wish for Liston and *Paul Pry*.

After the play on Saturday, a new farce was performed, called *The Epaulette*. The plot and character of this little drama are taken from the ballet of *The Pages of the Duc de Vendome*. The story, in its new shape, is tolerably well told; and the acting, more especially that of Miss Glover and Madame Vestris, of a very pleasing nature. The former is becoming, as she well deserves to be, a great favourite with the public; and the latter, though not what may be called a finished actress, has so much *naïveté* and good humour, and displays so many fascinations, that the success of any piece, which depends principally upon her support, is pretty nearly certain. The incidents in the second act are very ingeniously continued; the songs that are introduced, are set to popular and pleasing airs, and the whole forms a light and agreeable entertainment.

Elliston is returned to Town greatly improved in health.

## POLITICS.

THE deaths of the King of Bavaria, and of the Italian Prince Carignan, have been announced since our last.

## VARIETIES.

*Antiquities.*—In a garden at Valogné (Manche) in France, an ancient Sarcophagus was recently discovered. It contained a skeleton, which, on exposure to the air, crumbled into dust; but not before a piece of silver was observed in its mouth, which induces a belief that the person must have been a companion of Cæsar in his conquest of Gaul. It is about the size of a *sou*, and bears on one side the inscription CÆS., IMP.; and on the other VIC. GAL. At the feet of the skeleton was a silver case, a foot long, and eight inches deep, containing a hundred and fifty coins or medals, in bronze, silver, and gold. They bore the effigies of Cæsar, Pompey, Mithridates, Cleopatra, Pharnaces, Nicomedes, Perpenna, Sertorius, Crassus, Spartacus, Sylla, Hannibal, Asdrubal, Scipio Africanus, and Philip of Macedon. For a great number of years Roman antiquities have been found about Valogné, in the parish of Aleaume; which seems to strengthen the opinion that this site succeeded *Crocicotum*, the capital of the Unelli, near which Cæsar had a camp, of which he speaks in his Commentaries.

*Postage.*—The progressive amount of postage of letters for 120 years, has been stated to us by a Correspondent, as follows: it is a curious document:

In 1644—Edmund Prideaux,	1688—Unknown £76,218
postmaster, £25,000	1697 . . . . . 100,505

1654—Manley, do. 10,000	1710 . . . . . 111,461
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1664—Dan. O'Niel 21,000	1715 . . . . . 145,227
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1674—Unknown 43,000	1724 . . . . . 235,492
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1685 . . . . . 65,000	1761 . . . . . 452,648
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*Retort.*—Two women carrying some gooseberries in a basket to Portslaw fair for sale, a gentleman passing by observed to another, that it was impossible they could make it answer to them both, without imposing on the buyer. One of the women, overhearing this remark, turned to her companion, and said, "Sall, I have heard people can make a good livelihood by minding their own business."

*Cuttle Fish.*—A Correspondent at Portsmouth says, "I am in the habit of being frequently on the sea shore, and am sometimes amused with what I chance to pick up. Last year, about June, I found a cluster of eggs fastened to a stem, and resembling a bunch of grapes, black, about the size

of a small marble; but when held to the sun, pleasure, and had proposed, from its great transparent. I opened four or five, and found it practical utility, finding it a place in some Magazine; but happening to take up, at the Atheneum, a late Number of the "Annals of Philosophy," we found, to our astonishment, the same paper, published in that work as a translation of an article from the French Annals of Chemistry! and it is this translation which Dr. V. R. publishes as an original paper of his own! We sadly fear our trans-atlantic friends will have but a poor opinion of the state of science on this side the water, when they find such gross impositions practised with impunity on learned societies; and such articles admitted into our scientific journals. We should be disposed to vote for the expulsion of a member of our own club, who should thus palm upon us, as original, the work of another.

*Population of America.*—In the second edition of Humboldt's Political Essay, New Spain, which has recently been published at Paris, the whole of the population of America, continental and insular, is estimated at 34,942,000; which population is distributed among the different races as follows:—

Whites . . . . .	13,471,000 or 38 per cent.
Indians . . . . .	8,610,000 — 25 do.
Negroes . . . . .	6,433,000 — 19 do.
Creoles . . . . .	6,428,000 — 18 do.

#### Of different religions:

Roman Catholics . . . . .	22,486,000
Protestants . . . . .	11,636,000
Indians, not Christians . . . . .	820,000

#### Of different languages:

English . . . . .	11,647,000
Spanish . . . . .	10,504,000
Indian . . . . .	7,593,000
Portuguese . . . . .	3,740,000
French . . . . .	1,242,000
Dutch, Danish, and Swedish . . . . .	216,000

M. Humboldt estimates the population of Spanish America at 16,910,000; which he thus distributes:

Indians . . . . .	7,530,000 or 45 per cent.
Creoles . . . . .	5,328,000 — 32 do.
Whites . . . . .	3,276,000 — 19 do.
African blacks . . . . .	776,000 — 4 do.

He divides the black population of the whole of America, which it appears above he estimates at 6,433,000, into—

5,047,000 slaves, or 79 per cent.
1,386,000 free-men, or 21 do.

#### LITERARY IMPOSITION.

We copy the following exposure of a flagrant piece of American literary roguery from a transatlantic Journal.

*American Journal of Science and Arts*, No. 20.

Conducted by Professor Silliman.

The Number of this Journal which has lately appeared, contains several very interesting papers, the best of which, however, appear to be taken from foreign publications—a larger proportion, indeed, than we should expect in a work professedly original. Among the original articles we notice one signed "B.," being remarks on a paper of Professor Wallace's, in a former number. This article bears the impress of a master, and could only have been written by one intimately conversant with the most abstruse parts of mathematical science; it fully exposes the quackery of the original article exhibited, and we rejoice that so able a champion has appeared in defence of American science. We trust one equally able will expose the incorrectness and presumption of the writer "on the infinite divisibility of a finite quantity of matter." We cannot conceive how Professor Silliman should have permitted this paper to disgrace the pages of his journal. Another paper which demands notice is one by Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, M.D., "on lightning rods."—This was, as we find stated at the head of the article, "read before the Lyceum of Natural History, New York." This paper is professedly an *original* one, and was read before a learned Society as such. We read it with great

quality of the road, had to carry it to different distances, some one league, others two, and others three. These men were continually employed, and when one of them arrived, he delivered to the one in waiting whatever he was charged with, and gave him the watchword, *chasqui*; this man ran immediately to the next post, delivered his charge, and repeated *chasqui*; and then remained to rest until the arrival of another. By these means the court of the Incas was supplied with fresh fish from the sea."—lb.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*Dr. Johns*, of Manchester, F. L. S., has nearly ready for publication Practical Botany, consisting of Two Parts: the First Part containing an Introduction to the Linnean System; the Second the Genera of British Plants in a tabular form.

Select Specimens of English Prose and Poetry, from the age of Elizabeth to the present time, including considerable portions of those authors, who have had a decided influence over our language and literature, with Introductory Essays, by the Rev. Geo. Walker, Head Master of the Leeds Grammar School, is announced.

The English Gaelic and Gaelic-English Dictionary, which was nearly ready for publication, but destroyed at Mr. Moxey's fire in Greveline-street, last year, is, we are told, again printed, and nearly ready for publication.

We have been requested to state, that though the name of Mr. Blanco White appears in the list of Contributors to the *Forget-me-Not* for next year, it is only indirectly as the writer of a Spanish Tale, formerly published, and which has been translated, not by himself, for the forthcoming annual volume; in which it is inserted as thus explained.

#### LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Old English Drama, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s. large boards, 17. 12s. boards.—Shakespeare, 9 vols. 45vo. 27. 17s. boards.—Illustrations of ditto, 33 plates, 17. 18s. boards.—Lardner's Differential and Integral Calculus, 8vo. 17s. boards.—Crutwell's Housekeeper's Account Book for the Year 1820, 2s. semi-bound.—Candy's Questions to the Board of Directors, 2s. bound.—Questions to the Board Latin Grammar, 2s. bound.—The Plays of Clara Gazul, post 8vo. 9s. boards.—Memoirs of Monkeys, 12mo. 6s. boards.—Ferdinand Frank, or the Youthful Days of a Musical Student, 4s. boards.—Industry, a Tale of Real Life, 12mo. 6s. boards.—Instructions for the Field Service of Cavalry, 18mo. 5s. boards.—Segur's Account of the Expedition to Russia, 2 vols. 18mo. 10s. boards.

#### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

October.	Thermometer.	Boreometer.
Thursday . . . . .	From 31.5 to 42	29.22 to 29.22
Friday . . . . .	34 — 42	29.30 — 29.30
Saturday . . . . .	36 — 53	29.72 — 29.92
Sunday . . . . .	26.5 — 50	29.04 — 29.04
Monday . . . . .	38 — 59	29.90 — 29.80
Tuesday . . . . .	36 — 48	29.80 — 29.84
Wednesday . . . . .	30 — 46	30.00 — 29.90

Prevailing Wind, N. and N.W. Alternately clear and cloudy; mornings foggy; a little snow the morning of the 21st.—Rain fallen, .025 of an Inch.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. will find a packet at our office. The Editor does not like to pledge himself to the paper on the Universities and the new plan for a Metropolitan College; but he can hardly doubt its being adopted.

*ERRATA.*—In our last Review of Moss's Manual, p. 666, col. 3, line 59, for *Nephastion* read *Hephestion*; p. 667, col. 2, line 7, for *the read every*; and line 25, for *exquisite read requisite*.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

#### INSTITUTION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT

OF THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND. The KING, Patron.—Notice is hereby given, that an Exhibition of Works by Artists of the United Kingdom, will be opened in Edinburgh early in the month of February next. Intending exhibitors will get every information relative to the mode of exhibiting their works, by applying to Mr. W. A. Scripps, No. 7, South Molton-street, Bond-street.

FRANCIS CAMERON, Assistant Secretary.

This day is published, price 6s.  
**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, OR CRITICAL JOURNAL;** No. LXXXIV.  
Content:—Value of Colonial Possessions—Milton and the newly-discovered M. S.—New University in London—Bonham's Dispute with the Bishop of Bristol—Gothic Architecture—Office of Public Prosecutor—German Genius and Taste—Wilhelm Meister—Thoughts and Recollections—Prussia—Spirit of West Indian Society—Mechanic's Institutions, &c. &c.  
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ARCHS,** illustrated by an Appeal to subsequent Parts of  
the Holy Scriptures, in a Series of Letters to a Friend. By the  
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late of Queen's College, Oxford.  
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James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row, Lo. don.

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**SERMONS.** By the Rev. ROBERT GOR-  
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**THE ANNUAL MUSICAL MAGAZINE,  
AND REVIEW.** Vol. XXVII.

No. I. of this Work has been reprinted, and complete Sets  
may now be had of the Publishers.

On Tuesday, Nov. 1, will be published,  
**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE**  
No. CVI, for November 1825. CONTENTS—I. The Coun-  
try Curate. Introduction—H. The Orphan Maid's Lancet—  
III. Remarks on the Progress of Steam Navigation. By William  
Bain, Master R.N.—IV. Horn Italiano. Mr. Aranmo, Ry Ip-  
piano, Piedmont.—V. The Complete Servant ; being a Guide  
to all the Servants of the Household. By Mrs. C. Miller  
Prayor—VII. Note Book of a Literary Idler. No. 3—Mil-  
ton's Christian Doctrine. North American Review, No. 3—  
Brainer's Poems. Professor Silliman's Journal. Roscoe's An-  
swers to Bowles—Jowett's Researches in Syria—IX. Two Days  
in the Desert—X. The Antonine, a Tale of the Saracens. By the  
Editor of the Magazine—XII. Monthly Register. Monthly List of New  
Publications. Appointments, Promotions, &c. Births, Mar-  
riages, and Deaths. Printed for William Blackwood, Princes-street, Edinburgh ;  
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accusation, &c.—Mr. Clegg's for Gas Generator—Mr. Rhoads's  
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Ships—Mr. Spilsbury's, for Tanning—and Mr. Park's, for  
Making Salt—Plan for Constructing a Tunnel under the Thames—  
Description of a Patent Wire, invented in France—A Pre-  
liminary Paper on the Culture of the Tomatoe. The Re-  
port of the House of Commons on the Exportation of Machinery  
—Observations on the Rebuilding London Bridge—with a List  
of New Patents obtained in the preceding month.

Published by T. and G. Underwood, 33, Fleet-street; and to  
be had, per order, of any Bookseller or Newsman.

On Monday next, will be published, by H. Robinson, and  
Co. Waterloo-street, price 2s. 6d.

**THE MONTHLY REVIEW** for November,  
containing Notices of the following Books :  
1. Major Long's Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's  
River—2. Traditions of Edinburgh—3. An Exposition of the  
first Principles of grand Military Combinations and Movements,  
by J. A. Gibbon—4. Wellington's or Stories of Life and  
Literature—5. The History of the Norman Conquest, by  
A. Therry—6. Bowring's Hymns—7. Moore's Life of Shre-  
ridan—8. Prese's State of the Royal College of Surgeons—  
9. M. Uniacke's Plan for forming a Code of the Laws of Eng-  
land—10. The English Museum—11. Mr. Canning's Speeches  
at Liverpool—12. Stewart's Original Persian Letters—13. Col-  
lege Recollections—15. Attic Fragments—16. Hardy's Tour in  
the Mountains of the High Pyrenees—17. De Humboldt's Travels  
to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, vol. 6, (not  
yet published in England,) &c. &c.

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Morning, & extempore, here and there. The sensibilities of that reader are little to be envied, who can perceive the third  
Sonnet without a lively sympathy with this tender mourner.—  
Monthly Review.

We extract the twenty-fourth Sonnet, as not only correct,  
but particularly beautiful. "The Soldier's Dream," a blank verse  
Poem, which follows the Sonnets, is in a higher strain, and  
would scarcely be unworthy the pen of Byron.—Monthly  
Magazine.

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